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Spirit of the Times.

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE } CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST. IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1839.

VOL. IX.—No. 23.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B. K. writes us to the following effect:—"Mr. B—— is under the impression that you have slighted him by not publishing several articles written to you by his friends B., T., S., &c. I made the best excuse I could for you," etc. We are obliged to K. for his good offices in this matter, but at the same time would assure him that no letter from either of the gentlemen above named, ever reached us. *Our* impression is, that *they* have slighted Mr. B.; we certainly have not, and when Mr. K. again sees his friend, we will thank him to say as much.

The temporary absence of the Editor will delay for a few days, a reply to the favor of Capt. M. of the 8th ult., received, by the way, the 7th inst.

Our thanks are due Capt. S. R. for his courtesy. Nothing but the most pressing calls of business could have kept the Dr. or the "Spirit sub." in town.

To the Boston "M. C. A." our profound acknowledgments are due, for the distinguished honor they have intended us. To celebrate the birth-day of Queen Adelaide, over a Cape Cod chowder, would fructify our very soul, and perhaps after all we may be found on the 15th instant, at half-past eight, P. M., somewhat nearer that ilk than we now are.

"Sneezer" is informed that we bear him no particular ill-will, not knowing him from the man in the moon, and therefore that we have not directed our mail man to omit him two weeks out of three; and again that we do not often fall short in our supply of papers, but that when we do, we shall follow his advice and make each man take his turn in missing his paper. But rather than lose the countenance of "Sneezer," and risk the continuance of his Reminiscences, we will mail two papers to his address, if he desire it, one on Saturday, the other on Monday. And could you write us occasionally of the breeding establishments in your neighborhood?

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 10, 1839.

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE.

The August Number of this work is just published. We think, and doubt not our readers will agree with us, that it is the best number, both as regards its contents, embellishments and mechanical execution that has been issued since its removal to New York. It would have been published on the 1st instant, had it not been for a mistake of the printer in making up one of the signatures. Our desire to render the work as perfect, in typographical respects, as possible, prompted us rather to delay its publication for a day or two, than to issue it with even this slight "imperfection on its head." To remedy the error, one fourth of the Magazine has been re-printed, and we now commend it with pride and pleasure, to the kind attention of its readers

The second series of Lord Brougham's Portraits of Public Characters is for sale at the Messrs. Carvills. The usual favor with which his lordship's sketches haae been received here will not be lessened, we are persuaded, by a perusal of the present volumes.

James De Veaux.—It gives us pleasure to hear, as we have recently done, of the success of Mr. De Veaux, a young artist of South Carolina. A favorite correspondent in that State speaks in one of his letters in the most enthusiastic terms of his excellence. Mr. De Veaux has enjoyed every advantage of study in Italy, and in the exercise of his art at the South has been able to unite lucrative professional engagements with the most ambitious attempts of an aspiring student. Several of his works we have seen, and they have been rather the results of finished study and matured experience than the indications of yet higher excellence.

Should Mr. De Veaux direct his attention to landscape painting, he will find in the peculiar scenery of Carolina themes for his pencil more novel than are usually illustrated by our artists. In many respects the forests and rivers of South Carolina present a tropical aspect highly interesting, but with the peculiar beauties and picturesqueness of which we are more familiar from the descriptions of the traveller and poet, than from the glowing canvas. Mr. De Veaux is, we believe, a Carolinian by birth, and we are confident he is destined to do honor to his native State, which has already been illustrated by the genius of Washington Alston.

[For the "Spirit of the Times."]

FOREIGN TRAVELLERS.

This gentry who come among us to write books, having learned that we are a thin-skinned people, take good care to provide for the success of their publications by giving us a full share of their abuse.

One of the best of the Trollope tribe is Capt. Marryatt, and it is not to be wondered at that a vulgar man should write a vulgar book. We met this *gentleman* once at a supper-party, and although he intended to be exceedingly agreeable, it was evident his was a sensual and low nature, delighting in ribaldry, and jests of a most impure character. If those who have heard the Captain talk of himself, on occasions like these, would unite in getting up a book called "The Cutter, or sketches of the life of Capt. Marryatt, after his own design," it would be a most signal reproof to the "phantom" of travellers, and show how much such a man's critiques are worth.

But what excites our indignation chiefly, is the self complacency with which Englishmen coming from the most rotten and corrupt of all society, can sit down and draw such distorted pictures of the Americans, who shew them so much undeserved kindness.

How easily could we retaliate if we chose. For instance—the Great Western brought its usual supply of English journals. Their columns were filled with details of the most beastly conduct, in the upper circles,—elopements, seductions, riot in the streets, divorces, and developments affecting the very highest circles in England. All we have to do is to republish their own account, and the American people would be astonished at the exposure!

It is just made known that an English bishop with £10,000 a year, has been living in the most shameful manner with abandoned females, for years past! Lord Brougham recently declared in Parliament, that the god of these bishops was their belly, and that they absented themselves from their seats when a question relating to the moral welfare of the nation, urged by themselves, was brought forward for discussion.

An Italian courtier, recently in imminent danger of being hanged, threatened such alarming exposures of the conduct of one of the great personages of the kingdom, that to prevent their coming out, he was pardoned!

The premier and confidential minister of the Queen is a notorious debauchee, and the female attendants about her, are many of them equally notorious. Lady Flora Hastings has died under the indecent imputations of Royalty itself, when Victoria as a modest, delicate, young woman, should have been ashamed to have noticed even *appearances* of a suspicious character. But lest we may be deemed too severe, we cut out a few extracts from a London journal, which is devoted to the exposure of these enormities of "good society."

Lady Flora Hastings.—(Since dead.)—This injured and innocent lady is exposed to the prying and impertinent surveillance of one or two appointed spies, by whom she is constantly watched. As may be supposed, she suffers much from this degraded position, which nothing but a resolution supported by innocence, and a determination to bring shame to her accusers, enables her to endure. Lady Portman takes, and has all along taken, a most active part in the persecution of this deeply injured female.

"An M. P."—A report in the Insolvent Debtors' Court, in Wednesday's paper, disclosed the awkward fact that Benj. Hawes, Esq., M.P., soap boiler, dealer in soft soap, &c, is the proprietor of certain houses of "accommodation" situate in Eagle-court, Strand. This interesting fact might have lain for ever concealed, but for the accidental cross examination of an insolvent, a fact which ought to convince Mr. Hawes that such iniquitous possessions may at any time bring shame on the hardened owner. It by no means lessens "Benjamin's mess" to learn that he has been in the receipt of the profits of these domiciles for a long period, though it is probable that he may be eager enough to get rid of them now.

Gambling in High Life.

There are few instances on record—if we except the late General Scott, the father of the late Duchess of Portland and the late Viscountess Canning, of a man realizing a large fortune by play, in the way that the late Mr. Lalor, the first husband of Mrs. Shiel, and father of Power the member, did. Gaming with him was as much a matter of business as is buying and selling the business of a mercantile man. He began life with little or nothing, and he so pursued play as to come off a winner in the aggregate of an enormous sum. His plan was to lose a certain amount, limited in the latter period of his life to 500 guineas, and then to leave off. If fortune declared for him, he was not content with winning 500 or perhaps 5000 guineas, but went on till prudence cried out "enough." He had been known to win, on more than one occasion, £20,000 at a sitting, and in one instance, he played a match at whist for a thousand pounds a game, and won four games in succession. Lalor's habits were temperate in the extreme—he was, as was observed of him by an old turf-man, always in training. He was never to be had by surprise. He dined out precisely after the fashion of the gallant *commander* who was called in evidence on the trial of Lord De Roos, upon boiled chicken and lemonade, but only, it should be stated, with this simple difference, that his chickens were roasted, and he substituted three glasses of wine and a little spring water for the lemonade. After his dinner, he rode on horseback a few miles, and betook himself to his club with a head as cool, and a pulse as regular as a high trained gladiator. While engaged in play, water and tea, were the only refreshments he partook of; he never lost his temper, was never elated by good, nor depressed by ill-fortune. He was constitutionally fitted for a playman, nor exposed himself to those ebullitions of feeling which his less temperate opponents gave vent to, under the combined excitement of wine and play. He obtained an incalculable advantage by always sitting down with a clear and cool head, as opposed to the confused brain and heated temperament of his adversaries. This it was that gave him the victory, and what is more, secured him the fruits of it.

There is an anecdote told of Lord Howden, then Colonel Cradock, and Lalor, that shows the calculating suspicion of the one, and the intemperate indignation of the other—perhaps manfully, though unwisely expressed. Colonel Cradock was what might be termed a desperate gamester—one as opposite to Lalor, in the cool and collected purpose of play, as it was possible for a man to be. He played, whether fortune was for or against him, loss only operating as an incentive to further loss, and to desperate means to retrieve success. The Colonel lost his patrimony, valued at something like £80,000, at what may be called an early age, and is a rare instance, after being almost beggared at play, of recovering his fortune by the honourable pursuit of his profession.

The Colonel had been a severe loser in the club in which Lalor was a member, and was so reduced in his finances, that he stooped to ask the loan of 500 guineas of Lalor, to enable him to go on with his play. Lalor refused him, and borrowing 50 from another member of the club, he sat down to play, and had the good luck to win 200 guineas which were on the table at the time he left off play. He felt so indignant at the conduct of Lalor in refusing the loan he solicited in the early part of the evening, particularly when he reflected that the latter had been, at different times, a large winner of him, that he seized the gold as it lay before him, and in a moment of strong passion, threw it at Lalor, applying to him, at the same time, certain opprobrious epithets which he was bound to take notice of, by a demand of retraction and apology; this was refused by Cradock, and a meeting was appointed. The parties exchanged shots, or rather Cradock discharged his pistol in the air, and thus the matter terminated.

The "Georgian Marchioness" (Conyngham,) was at the last State ball given by the Queen, but she was not the only impure personage, by many, present on that occasion.

Elopement.—An elopement took place on Wednesday last, between the near relative of a wealthy brewer at the West-end, celebrated for the strength of his double X ales, and a lady in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park. Whether they be rich, fashionable, or handsome, we are not prepared to say; but this we know, the frail one has left two *little ones* to "lament the loss of an affectionate mother," and the Lothario his cab boy, to deplore the loss of his wages and character.

Lord Brougham's remarks on the Bishops.—"There is," said his Lordship, "hardly a Bishop whom I have not heard imploring your Lordships from this very place—for God's sake, to apply a remedy to that which makes all our preaching and teaching vain, to reform those nests of drunkenness, to remove these moral plagues. (A laugh.) And now that I come forward at their instigation, that I lend myself as their coadjutor, that I put myself as an humble instrument in the hands of the guardians of morality and religion, but two out of six-and-twenty right rev. prelates will sacrifice their dinner, their regard to their belly, which is their God." (Laughter.)

These are but a few recent instances, of many more which might be adduced from the latest journals, to prove the corruption of the upper classes of English society. While in this country we can yet boast that similar occurrences are with us extremely rare, and that public opinion is yet pure and enlightened, that morals are not a jest nor religion a farce, that married life is still respected, and wealth has not made itself hateful for its crimes, we need not regard the assaults of Captain Marryatt, or any other adventurer, seeking to repair his dilapidated fortune by an abusive book on our country.

THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.

We have recently been put in possession of a copy of the Transactions, the Sailing Regulations, and a List of the Members of the English "Royal Yacht Squadron." So gratifying is the incident to which we are ultimately indebted for these pamphlets, that we take pleasure in recording, and seize the opportunity of making our readers more fully acquainted with the elegant amusement of Yachting—the character of its supporters, and the rules by which it is governed in England.

As a National Amusement, Yachting is confined to Great Britain, where it is peculiarly favored by the geographical position of the country, the maratime genius of the people, and the great wealth accumulated among comparatively few individuals. Every species of Aquatic sport is there cherished with patriotic pride, but Yachting is the amusement of the nobles and men of affluence. It is their most expensive, perhaps we should say most aristocratic, and certainly most national amusement. There are several Clubs formed for the encouragement and regulation of the sport, but the Royal Yacht Squadron is pre-eminent for the rank of its members, and the class of vessels which they sail, and the immediate patronage of the Throne. Appended to this is a list of a portion of the Members of the Club, acting as well as Honorary. Last year one of the former, Lieut.-Col. the Hon. R. Fulke Greville, being sent to this country as bearer of despatches to the Canadian authorities, came hither in his own Yacht, *The Charlotte.* He was here hospitably entertained by Commodore Ridgeley, of the Navy, a man who does honor to the service of his country by his gallantry and generosity, and who is held by sportsmen in peculiar esteem for having now for several years most worthily presided over the New York Jockey Club. The following letter, addressed to the Commodore, manifests Col. Greville's sense of his obligation:—

Sir,—I inform you with much pleasure that at a meeting of the Members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, you were proposed and elected an Honorary Member of the Club; and in forwarding to you a copy of the transactions, and a list of the members, I beg of you to accept my best wishes.

If I should fail in procuring the button*—worn by the members—I will forward a packet by the next ship, and I hope you will be enabled one of these days to come amongst us, and receive the welcome from your brother members that I received at your hands as a stranger.

The *Charlotte* proved so tainted with dry-rot that I condemned her, and have now on the stocks a brig of 427 tons, called "*Anoyma.*"

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Yours ever most sincerely,
Portsmouth, May 31, 1839. R. Fulke Greville.

The compliment thus paid to Commodore Ridgeley must be more sensibly felt by him from the circumstance, that he is the first American in the list of Honorary Members, and, in fact, the first foreigner, with the single exception of his Royal Highness the Duke of Mecklenburg, who has thus been honored. As they become more familiar in England with our amateur sailors, the list will no doubt increase, though it will be long, we fear, before we can compete with them in the number of our pleasure ships.

But the circumstances which favor in Great Britain the growth and improvement of this portion of their marine, exists in this country, in a variety and strength which place us second to Great Britain alone. The commercial genius of our people, which has been transmitted from English forefathers—stimulated to vigorous exertion by the prospect of rich returns, and deriving hardihood and enterprise from the fortunate circumstances of a new country and "homespun" navigation laws—has already given to the world a commercial marine unequalled in the rapidity of its growth and the excellence of all its appointments. Did the affluence of our citizens bear any proportion with that of the English, we should anticipate as honorable a comparison with them in vessels built for pleasure, as we venture to challenge for our merchant ships.

A taste for Aquatic Sports does indeed characterize the people of the United States to an unusual extent, but it can rarely be developed to any eminent degree, owing to our small means. We rejoice, therefore, whenever we hear of any gentleman who is able to carry out effectively among us his fondness for the sea and the manly pastimes which are peculiar to it. Mr. Stevens, of our city, is now busily engaged upon a yacht, every step of whose progress is watched with eager eyes. On Wednesday last her masts were hoisted in, and every part of the work is pushed forward with ceaseless energy. It will be impossible, however, to complete her before the day named in the regulations of the Royal Yacht Squadron for the Annual Sailing Match, which comes off on the 19th instant. But this, we hope, may not deter her owner from taking her abroad to test her powers. All in due time our readers shall be furnished with full particulars of this costly experiment in ship building. We trust the example of Mr. Stevens may excite emulation among our citizens, which shall induce them to club their forces, and build others like her. For the perfection of our naval architecture we require that such "experiments" should be unceasingly tried at home; it is not enough to beat John Bull in the aggregate; we desire to record the results of Yankee genius and enterprise in every department of the art, and nothing will sooner lead to this than an active competition among our naval amateurs.

Transactions of the Royal Yacht Club.

At a General Meeting of the Royal Yacht Squadron, held at the Thatched House Tavern, London, on the 11th May, for the purpose of General Business relating to the Squadron, the following candidates were balloted for:—

MEMBERS.

	Names.	*Vessels.*	*Class.*	*Tons*
1.	Joseph Jekyll, Esq.	Louisa	cutter	162
2.	Henry Oglander, Esq.	Matilda	cutter	44
3.	Lord Viscount Exmouth	Flower of Yarrow	schooner	129
4.	Hugh Block, Esq.	Dove	cutter	49
5.	Wm. Sprot Boyd, Esq.	Young Queen	schooner	90
6.	Joseph C. Ewart, Esq.	Edith	cutter	70
7.	Col. John Petre	Midge	cutter	36
8.	A. Macdonald, Esq.	Lord of the Isles	cutter	42
9.	Lord Henry Cholmondeley	Zephyr	cutter	55

Proposed and seconded in the following order:—

No.			
1	by John Fleming, Esq., M.P.	seconded by	Wm. Webber, Esq.
2	" The Earl of Ilchester	"	The Earl of Yarborough.
3	" George Bentinck, Esq.	"	Spencer de Horsey, Esq., M.P.
4	" Sir Wm. Curtis, Bart.	"	Thomas Hallifax, Esq.
5	" Col. Hon R. F. Greville	"	John Lindegreen, Esq.
6	" Hon. W H. White	"	Sir A. J. Murray, Bart.
7	" Earl of Yarborough	"	Thomas Hallifax, Jun., Esq.
8	" Algernon Greville, Esq.	"	Sir B. R. Graham, Bart.
9	" G. Walker Heneage, Esq. M.P.	"	J. Tollemache, Esq.

AS HONORARY MEMBERS.

Names.	*Proposed by.*	*Seconded by.*
Commander John Mac Donell, R.N	Earl of Yarborough	A. W. Corbet Esq.
Captain Sir John Hill, R.N.	John Moore, Esq.	S. de Horsey, Esq. M.P.
Commander James H. Ward, R.N.	Sir W. Curtis, Bart.	Capt. Herringham, R.N.
" Frederick Hutton, R.N.	Capt. Corry, R.N.	A. W. Corbet, Esq.
" Geo. H. Halstead, R.N.	H. Robinson, Esq.	William Beach, Esq.
" Henry Bagot, R.N.	Rev. T. L. Lane	J. Saunderson, Esq.

The following Propositions, among others, were submitted for decision:—

The Committee recommend the following arrangement for the consideration of the General Meeting in May next.

That the Annual Dinner be fixed for the 19th of August in each year. Ball on the 20th.

That the Secretary be instructed to issue, on the 1st of August every year, Cards of Invitation to the Annual Dinner, to the following Officers at Portsmouth, and that the expenses attending it be defrayed out of the General Fund:

The Commander in Chief
The Admiral Superintendent
Flag Captain
Captain of the Ordinary
Secretary to the Commander in Chief
Flag Lieutenant to dittto
Flag Lieutenant to the Admiral Superintendent.

By James Lyon, Esq., seconded by William Beach, Esq., a donation of £50 to the "Societe Generale des Naufrages."

That a General Meeting of the Members of the Squadron be held during the month of September every year, for the purpose of Ballot only. Passed.

Proposed by the Earl of Yarborough, and seconded by William Delafield, Esq.—Almon Hill and Thomas Hallifax, Jun., Esqrs.—That the Club do contribute one hundred guineas towards the subscription for erecting a Monument to the memory of Admiral Lord Nelson.

April 12th. 1839. -Lieutenant Colonel the Hon. R. Fulke Greville having received every assistance and attention from Commodore Ridgely, of the United States Navy, in command at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, New York, when his brig was there refitting, wishes to propose him as an Honorary Member of the

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* The uniform buttons of the R. Y. Squadron were subsequently received by the gallant commodore, to the number of six dozen. The devices are very tasteful, and beautifully executed: the surface, slightly embossed in dead gold, bears on its centre an anchor and crown, raised in polished gilt, the stock and ringbolt of the anchor standing out in bold relief; the whole is encircled by the garter, bearing the motto in dead gold of "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

Royal Yacht Squadron; as from the Government and all the Authorities every facility and courtesy was afforded to the Officers, as well as himself as a Member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, besides the permission to refit in the U. S. Navy Yard. Passed unanimously.

Annexed will be found a list of the Members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, with the exception of 395 Honorary Members, all whom are Captains in the Royal Navy. The List is published as revised and corrected by the Club up to the 11th of May last:—

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

COMMODORE,

THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE EARL OF YARBOROUGH.

VICE-COMMODORE,

THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE EARL OF BELFAST.

JACK BETWEEN.

Private				Tonnage.		
No.	*Name.*	*Vessei*	*Class.*	*Old.*	*New.*	*Port.*
1	Anglesey, Marquis of, K.G.	Pearl	cutter	130		Southton
2	Ashbrooke, Viscount					
3	Belmore, Earl of					
4	Challen, Stephen, Esq.	Norna	schooner	46		Dartmouth
5	Curtis, Sir William, Bart.	Phantom	cutter	56		Ramsgate
6	Coventry, Earl of	Ariel	cutter	71		Cowes
7	De Grey, Earl	Nautilus	cutter	103		Cowes
8	Gulston, Joseph, Esq.	Nelson	cutter	93		London
9	Hallifax, Thomas, Esq.					
10	Hamond, Vice-Admiral Sir G. E , Bart., K.C.B.					
11	Hare, Hon. William H.	Ann	cutter	42		Southton
12	Lindegren, John, Esq.	Vampire	cutter	49		Portsmouth
13	Admiralty, 1st Lord of	Admiralty Yacht	cutter			London
15	Yarborough, Earl of (Com.)	Kestrel	yawl	202	122	Cowes
16	Puleston, Sir Richard, Bart.					
17	Shedden, Col.	Merlin	sch.	104	64	Southton
18	Thomond, Marquis of					
19	Weld, Joseph, Esq.	Alarm	cutter	193		Southton
20	Weld, James, Esq.	Lord of the Isles	cutter	45		Southton
21	Fleming, John, Esq., M.P	Elizabeth	cutter	66		Southton
23	Williams, Thos. P. Esq., M.P.	Hussar	sch.	120		Beaumaris
		Gazelle	cutter	87		Beaumaris
24	Maxse, James, Esq.					
25	Powell, J. P., Esq.					
26	Willoughby de Broke, Lord					
27	White, Hon. W. H.					
28	Saunders, William H., Esq.					
29	Norfolk, Duke of, K.G.					
30	Talbot, C. R. M., Esq., M,P.	Galatea	sch.	190		Southton
31	Egremont, Earl of	Janette	sch.	141	81	Shoreham
32	Herringham, Capt. W. A., R.N.					
33	Allen, Thomas, Esq.	Erin	sch.	94		Lynn
34	Reynolds, J., Esq.					
35	Seale, Col. Sir H., Bart., M.P.					
36	Belfast, Earl of (Vice-Commodore)					
37	Corbet, Andrew W., Esq.	Hebe	cutter	68		Cowes
38	Orkney, Earl of	Jack O'Lantern	sch.	140		London
39	Fullerton, George A., Esq.					
40	George, Rev. Denis	Wave	cutter	54		Southton
		Falcon	yawl			Southton
41	Greville, Lt.-Col. Hon. R. F.	Anonyma	brig	427		Portsmouth
42	Symonds, J. L., Esq.	Emerald	cutter	58		Cowes
43	Durham, Earl of G.C.B.					
45	Rivers, Sir Henry, Bart.	Earl St. Vincent	cutter	41		Southton
46	Ilchester, Earl of	Petrel	cutter	98	85	Southton
48	Thorold, Henry, Esq.					
49	Johnstone, Lt.-Gen. Sir W. K.C.B.	Mary	cutter	62		Southton
50	Portland, Duke of	Clown	ketch	156		Troon
51	Lyon, James Esq.,	Breeze	cutter	55	37	Portsmouth
52	Moore, John, Esq.,	Rein Deer	cutter	107	68	Cowes
53	Murray, Alexander, Esq.	Miranda	sch.	164		London
54	Byrne, Edward H., Esq.	Medora	cutter	47		Cowes
55	Heneage, G. W. Esq. M P.	Harriet	cutter	67		Southton
56	Wilson, Sir Thomas M. Bart.	Syren	cutter	45		London
57	Garth, Capt. Thomas R.N.					
58	Markham, Col. William	Antelope	cutter	90		Rochester
59	Gower, John L. Esq.	Phebe	lugger	33		Cowes
61	Gibson, Thomas Esq., M.P.					
65	Kingscote, Col. Robert	Nettle	cutter	57		Bristol
66	Saunderson, James Esq.					
67	Clonbrock, Lord					
68	Kean, Capt. James R.N.	Turk	cutter	44		Southampton
70	Brett, Charles Esq.					
71	Pratt, Charles, Esq.	Psyche	cutter	60		Southton
72	Gell, Philip Esq.	Albatross	cutter	75		Cowes
73	Meiklam, James Esq.					
74	Day, Richard Esq.					
75	Fleetwood, Sir P. H. Bart. M.P.					
76	Buccleuch, Duke of K.G.	Flower of Yarrow	cutter	145		Leith
77	Call, George C. Esq.	Hind	yawl	21		Plymouth
78	Pakington, J. S. Esq. M.P.					
79	Scott, Lord John M.P	Lufra	cutter	81		Cowes
80	Delafield, William Esq.	Naiad	cutter	70		Cowes
81	Latham, William Esq.					
82	Hornby, Wiliam Esq.	Forest Fly	cutter	36		Southton
83	Corry, Capt. A. L. R.N.					
84	Parker, Sir Hyde Bart.	Turquoise	cutter	77		Cowes
85	Greg, Thomas Esq.					
86	Greville, Algernon Esq.	Spider	cutter	33		London
87	Kennedy, John Esq.	Water Witch	cutter	44		Belfast
88	Morgan, George G. Esq.	Ann Eliza	brig	254		
89	Tollemache, John Esq.	Sapphire	cutter	70		Cowes
90	Wilton, Earl of	Xarifa	sch.	175		Cowes
91	Graves, Lord Thomas					
92	Upton, Lewis Esq.					
93	Beach, William Esq.	Aurora	cutter	40	28	Cowes
94	Hill, Almon Esq.	Ariel	sch.	118	79	Cowes
95	Congreve, John Esq.					
96	Lane, Rev. Thomas Leveson					
98	Beaumont, Edward B. Esq.					
99	Waterford, Marquis of					

JACK ABOVE.

Private				Tonnage.		
No.	*Name.*	*Vessel.*	*Class.*	*Old.*	*New.*	*Port.*
100	Robinson, Henry, Esq.	Sultana	cutter	49		Cowes
101	Moreton, Hon. Augustus	Elizabeth	cutter	65		Cowes
102	Pechell, Capt. George R.N., M.P.					
103	Lyon, William Esq.					
104	de Horsey, Spencer Esq. M.P.					
106	Leche, John H. Esq.	Nancy	cutter	59		Chester
107	Johnstone, Sir Frederick Bart.					
108	Upton, Hon. Henry	Morning Star	yawl	61		London
109	Bayley, John Esq.	Nymph	cutter	31		Dover
110	Mill, Major Jas.	Noran	cutter	70	45	Cowes
112	Smith, Charles Esq.					
113	Bentinck, George Esq.	Corsair	cutter	85		Cowes
114	French, Thomas Geo. Esq.	Rostellan	sch.	70	43	Cork
115	Acland, Sir T. D. Bart. M.P.	Lady of St. Kilda	sch.	136		Dartmouth
116	Heneage, Edward Esq. M. P.	Sparrowhawk	cutter	84		Cowes
117	Hibbert, John Esq.					
118	Murray, Sir Arch. I. Bart.	Peri	sch.	59		Cowes
119	Egerton, Lord Francis M.P	Menai	briigantne	175		
120	Godolphin, Lord	Arrow	cutter	84		Southampton
121	Harland, Sir Robt. Bart.	Will o' the Wisp	cutter	45	26	Ipswich
122	Frankland, Richard, Esq.	Cynthia	cutter	40		Cowes
123	Meiklam, John Esq.	Amulet	cutter	43		Cowes
124	Walker, Hon. H. F.	Emmetje	sch.	103		Galway
125	Graham, Sir B. Bart.	Therese	cutter	121		Cowes
127	Brooke, James Esq.	Royalist	sch.	142		London
128	Simpson, George Esq.	Rowena	cutter	33	24	Southampton
130	Harvey, E. N. Esq.					
131	Horner, Fortescue Esq.	Heron	cutter	46		Cowes
132	Ackers, G. H. Esq.	Dolphin	sch.	217	114	Southampton
		Brilliant	sch.	393	259	Southampton
133	Paterson, Capt. George Dacres					
134	Vivian, Major C. M.P.					
135	Copley, Sir Joseph Bart.	Witch	cutter	70		Cowes
136	Meiklam, Robert Esq.	Crusader	sch.	126	76	Cowes
137	Bulkeley, Sir R. B. W. Bart.	Iris	cutter	75		Cowes
138	Cooper, Richard W. Esq.	Eudora	cutter	59	42	Cowes
139	Anderson, John Esq.	Guilia	cutter	42		Southampton
140	Smith Barry, J. H. Esq.	Columbine	cutter	90		Cork
141	Tomline, George Esq.	Gem	sch.	125		Cowes
142	Beaumont, T. W. Esq.	Wanderer	sch.	141	85	Cowes
143	Halsey, Thomas P. Esq.	Fanny	cutter	75		Cowes
144	Walsh, Sir John B. Bart. M.P	Amazon	cutter	75		Cowes
145	Hall, Col. John	Owen Glendwr	cutter	113		Cowes
146	Keane, Capt. George					
147	Canning, Viscount	Gondola	sch.	141		Cowes
148	Magenis, Frederick R. Esq.	Zebra	cutter	51		
149	Hallifax, Thomas Jun. Esq.	Ganymede	cutter	69		Cowes
150	Hart, Marmaduke Esq.	Giaour	cutter	37		
151	Hanham, William Esq.	Arundel	yawl	210		Cowes
152	Beardmore, John Esq.	Harriet	sch	102		Cowes
153	Cust, Hon. C. H.					
154	Yorke, Simon Esq.	Julia	cutter	42	25	Southampton
155	Buchanan, Andrew Esq.					
156	Mitchell, Rowland Esq.	Ruby	cutter	53		London
157	Hawley, Sir Joseph H. Bart.	Mischief	sch.	221		London
158	Jekyll, Joseph Esq.	Louisa	yawl	162		London
159	Oglander, Henry Esq.	Matilda	cutter	44		Cowes
160	Exmouth, Viscount	Flower of Yarrow	sch.	141	83	Portsmouth
161	Boyd, Wm. Sprot Esq.	Young Queen	sch.	90		Bombay
162	Ewart, Joseph C. Esq. M.P.	Edith	cutter	70		
163	Petre, Col. John	Midge	cutter	35	24	Cowes
164	Macdonald, A. Esq.	Lord of the Isles	cutter	42		
165	Cholmondeley, Lord Henry	Zephyr	cutter	55		Southampton

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We here annex for the information of our readers the Regulations of the Annual Sailing Match. Aside from their intrinsic interest, their publication may be found exceedingly convenient hereafter for reference, not having been published before on this side of the Atlantic :—

REGULATIONS

OF AN ANNUAL SAILING MATCH FOR THE "VICTORIA CHALLENGE CUP AND GUINEAS,"

To be contended for by vessels of any nation, and of any tonnage or rig.

First,—The Match shall take place on the 20th Day of August in every year: but when the day shall fall on a Sunday, the following day shall be substituted. The first match to come off the 20th day of August next.

Second,—The Annual Stakes shall be *Ten Guineas*, and be paid at the time of challenging; which must be on or before the *30th Day of July. Five* Guineas *Forfeit* only on each Challenge withdrawn on or before the *10th Day of August.* Every Person who intends to sail a Vessel in the Match must, at the time of challenging, signify in Writing to the Secretary the Name, Tonnage, and Rig of the Vessel to be entered: if a British Vessel, the Name of the Port at which she is registered: or, if a Foreign Vessel, the Name of the Port or place to which she belongs.

Third,—The Winner of the Cup shall retain it, subject to his being challenged by the Owner of any Vessel, of any Nation, Tonnage, or Rig, who shall, on or before the 30th Day of July in the following, or any subsequent Year, pay to the Secretary the Challenge Stakes of Ten Guineas, and at the same time deliver, in writing, the particulars required by the second regulation. On the 31st day of July, in every year after the 1st March, the Secretary shall signify by letter to the then holder of the Cup, the names of the owners who have challenged, and the stipulated particulars of every vessel entered; and at the same time require the Cup to be delivered up to him, on or before the 19th day of August then ensuing, unless all the challenges shall be withdrawn by the specified time; in which case the Secretary shall signify the same to the holder of the Cup, who shall then retain it until challenged and informed thereof in manner above mentioned. *The entries and forfeits,* when they shall not exceed one hundred guineas, *shall be equally divided between the first and second vessels of every Match;*—when above that sum, the owner of the second vessel shall receive fifty guineas, and no more: the remainder shall be paid to the winner of the Cup, who shall also receive the amount of all forfeits whenever the challenges shall be wholly withdrawn.

Fourth,—Two Stewards shall be appointed annually, previous to the Match, by such of the subscribers of ten guineas or upwards to the Cup, as shall be at Cowes. Any question which may be raised by the owner of any vessel sailed in a Match, as to the observance of the Sailing Regulations, shall be stated to the Stewards within one hour after the termination of the Match, and their decision thereon shall be final.

Sixth,—No alteration in these Regulations shall be permitted, unless proposed to the subscribers of ten guineas or upwards to the Cup, and their unanimous consent thereto shall have been expressed in writing to the Secretary.

Seventh,—The holder of the Cup shall not contend against entered vessels except with a vessel which was *bona fide* his own property on the 1st day of July before sailing; and shall not pay any entrance money.

If the challenges should be declined, the vessels entered and not withdrawn shall contend for the Cup and Guineas, subject to the foregoing Regulations. If one vessel only, the owner shall receive the Cup with the Guineas after sailing the course.

Lastly,—The Secretary shall be appointed by a majority of the subscribers of ten guineas or upwards.

Before a match takes place, the owner of every vessel about to sail shall pay two guineas to the Secretary to defray expenses. A Member or Honorary Member of the R. Y. S., or of some R. Y. C., or of an Officer of the Royal Navy (not subordinate to the rank of Master), must be on board each vessel throughout every match.

11th June, 1839.

Sailing Regulations.

1st. No trimming with or shifting of ballast allowed; and all vessels to keep their platforms down and bulkheads standing.

2d. Vessels standing on a wind and on the larboard tack must invariably give way to those on the starboard tack; and in all cases of doubt as to the possibility of the vessel on the larboard tack weathering the one on the starboard tack, the vessel on the larboard tack shall give way; or, if the other vessel shall keep her course and touch or run into her, the owner of the vessel on the larboard tack shall pay all damages that may occur, and forfeit his claim to the Prize.

3d. When two vessels (by the wind) are approaching the shore together, and so close to each other that the leewardmost cannot tack clear of the weathermost, and by standing farther on would be in danger of running on shore, such weathermost vessel on being requested to put about is immediately to comply, and will forfeit all claim by not doing so. The leewardmost vessel must, however, in this case, tack at the same time.

4th. Nothing but the hand-lead and line to be allowed in the vessel.

5th. The headmost vessel sailing in the match may keep what course she please; and if she is touched or run into by any vessel astern of her, either in rounding any marked boat or buoy, or in sailing in any other direction, the vessel so touching shall forfeit all claim to the Prize; and this rule shall apply to every vessel in the race, being ahead of another.

6th. Vessels running on shore shall be allowed to use their own anchors and boats, actually on board, to get them off; afterward weighing anchor and hoisting the boat in; but, on receiving assistance from any other vessel, boat, or anchors, shall forfeit all claims to the Prize.

7th. Each vessel must go fairly round the mark vessel and buoys; and in the event of not going fairly round, or touching any boat, buoy, or flag used to mark out the course, all claim to the Prize will be forfeited.

8th. Every vessel must carry a boat not less than fourteen feet in length.

9th. No vessel is to take out or take in ballast for twenty-four hours previously to the time of starting; and no ballast is to be thrown overboard.

10th. The stations to be drawn for the day before the match.—No. 1 next to the Castle.

11th. Each vessel to lay down and take up her own anchor under the directions of the Secretary. The anchors and cables to be ready for that purpose at six o'clock in the morning, before the match.

12th. The vessels to be at their stations at or before nine o'clock, A. M.; and at ten precisely the starting gun will be fired. Five minutes previously to which the preparative flag will be hoisted as a signal to prepare to make sail to the eastward.

13th. Vessels are to be allowed to carry the undermentioned sails, being *bona fide* property of their respective owners, viz.:—

Cutters.—Mainsail, foresail, jib, and gaft-topsail.

Yawls.—Mainsail, foresail, jib, mizen, and gaft-topsail.

Schooners.—Mainsail, foresail, fore-topsail, fore-staysail, jib, and main gaft-topsail.

Luggers.—Three lugs, jib, and main-topsail.

Brigs.—All the sails they can carry on a wind, but no other.

14th.—*The course.*—All vessels are to proceed to the eastward, leaving the Bramble buoys on their larboard hand, and the Noman's buoy and the Royal George buoy on the starboard hand, round the Nab Light vessel, leaving it on their starboard hand, and return to the westward, leaving the Royal George buoy and the Noman's buoy on their larboard hand, and all the Bramble buoys on their starboard hand;—passing Cowes, proceed on round a vessel or buoy placed off Yarmouth with a flag flying, which they are to leave on their starboard hand, and return back to Cowes, passing between the Castle and the starting-vessel; which, being the goal of decision, terminates the match.

Lastly,—The foregoing Rules and Regulations shall be strictly complied with; and any deviation therefrom shall incur a forfeit of all claim to the Prize.

A STRONGER GAME THAN THE THIMBLES.

THE WAY A KAINTUCK COME IT OVER ONE OF THE THIMBLE RIGGS.

If there is any one game by which a man is "chisselled" out of his money meaner than another, it is the game of Thimbles. The person who plays against it is playing against a species of robbery, worse than house-breaking or pocket picking. He don't even stand a single chance, whereas at most other games there is a shadow of probability that he may win—with the Thimble game none whatever—and he who enters against it finds himself in "hockelty" from the jump. No decent sporting man is ever seen engaged at it—your faro dealer, or your turner of a roulette despises alike the game and the robber who plays it. The "man what fights the tiger" is a gentlemen in comparison, and even the poor devil who gets up a game of "chuckaluck," on the outside of a race track, for the purpose of appropriating the stray picayunes and bitts of the darkies, does not hold himself so cheap as to be caught with a set of thimbles in his pocket.

Here the rascals are seldom seen. A consciousness that if they ever "set up" in the vicinity of our race tracks, they will soon be found dancing upon nothing with their necks attached to a swinging limb, deters them from opening; but at the West and North they are frequently seen. At New York, especially, we have watched a gang of them for hours, and although a majority of those in attendance are up to their rascalities, occasionally a victim or "green 'un" may be found ready to try the strength of the game.

The fellows who play it, are generally a piratical looking set of rascals. The implements or tools with which they set up business are very simple and can be carried in the vest pocket. They consist of three small cups or thimbles, with some small pieces of sponge or little rolls of paper—nothing else. While the attention of the spectators is directed towards a race, they are prowling about, whirling their canes and picking pockets if they have a chance. The race over they find the thickest part of the crowd, mount their legs upon their canes, and immediately commence operations. The thimbles are paraded along their legs in a row, the little ball is placed under one particular thimble, and they then "drum up" for bets in language something like the following.

"I don't pretend to know this ere game as well as the man who learnt me, but I'll bet ten, twenty, or fifty dollars that no gemman in the crowd can tell which thimble the ball is under."

A friend is always ready in the crowd who is willing to stake half the money, provided some one else will make up the balance. This "decoy bird" or "roper in," acts the part of a perfect stranger, of course, is sorry that he has not money enough about him to take the entire bet, points out the thimble under which the small piece of sponge is placed, and two frequently induces some unsophisticated pigeon to "go his halves" in the bet. The thimble is raised, and to the astonishment of all there is nothing under it; the robber, by some dexterous movement, having either worked it under his sleeve, between his fingers, or blowed it upon the ground. We have been thus particular in describing the game, in order that our readers may fully understand the story we are about to relate.

Some time since a Kentuckian arrived at Natchez with a boat load of produce. Having disposed of his "plunder" and received his pay, he went from the river up to one of the banks to get his bills converted into specie. The amount, some four or five hundred dollars, he tied up in an old red bandanna handkerchief, and started back for the river. His movements were closely watched, by a practical professor of the Thimble Rigg, who, considering that the Kentuckian did not understand the game, thought him a fair subject. He was grievously mistaken in the end, however, as the sequel will show. Walking up alongside of the flatboat man with much familiarity he accosted him with—

"How are you stranger? How do you come on?"

"Pretty fair, thank you, how do you rise?"

"About the same. You have lately come down I take it."

"Yes, a few days since."

"Have you been over the city much—seen the curiosities about town?"

"No, I haint much time to spare—want to get back."

"Well, you ought to look round a little. 'Sposing you take a short walk with me out in this direction," pointing to a part of the river bank where there were no houses. "Come, I will show you some of the curiosities with pleasure."

Anxious to see what the fellow was "up to," the Kentuckian, a shrewd sensible man, consented to accompany his new acquaintance. They soon came to a lonely and unfrequented part of the bluff overlooking the river. Here the rascal recommended a halt, and a set-down was agreed to. After some commonplace conversation, he hauled out a set of thimbles and commenced sliding them backwards and forwards, lifting them, and displaying the little ball.

"This is a great game," said the gambler.

"It looks interesting," returned the Kentuckian.

"Do you understand it?" said the gambler.

"I dont exactly see into it," continued the Kaintuck, who all the time was as well up to it as the other.

"Its very interesting after you once get the hang of it," said the rascal.

"I should think so, very."

"'Sposing we strike up a small game just to pass away time?" inquired the stranger.

"I have no particular objection," rejoined the Salt River man.

Things were now in a fair way, and the greedy thimble player looked with an eager eye towards the handkerchief of Mexican castings before him, shortly, as he thought, to become his own. He calculated on "baiting" his victim a little, letting him win once or twice, in order to make the grand haul he contemplated more sure. Having arranged his thimbles, he said,

"Now, what'll you bet you can tell which the ball is under?"

"I'll go you ten dollars its under the middle one."

The money was put up, the thimble raised, and the Kentuckian won of course. The gambler *appeared* vexed at his loss, but soon had everything arranged for another stake.

"What will you go this time?" said the fellow.

"I'll go you a twenty this pop," returned the Kaintuck.

The thimble was raised and with the same success. The gambler now cursed his luck, said that fate was against him, that he never handled the things so clumsily in all his life, and intimated that a child might beat him. He was still willing, however, to "go it again," and soon had every thing fixed for a last trial.

"How much do you bet this time?" said he to the Kentuckian.

"I'll go the entire pile and quit," returned Kaintuck.

"What! the whole of it?" said the greedy knight of the thimbles, his eyes sparkling with delight in anticipation of so much booty.

"Every cent in the pile," said the Kentuckian coolly. "I go the whole pile or nothing."

"Well, I hav'nt that much money about me," retorted the gambler, "but there's my watch—that's worth so much," at the same time putting it in among the money which was now spread open in the handkerchief. "There's a diamond breast-pin—that's worth so much," putting that in also. In this way, and by staking what money he had he soon had an amount which the Kentuckian considered a fair stake.

The gambler now commenced arranging his tools with greater care than usual, while the Kentuckian set to work at the different corners of the handkerchief, lifting them up apparently to get all the money and valuables in the centre.—He was evidently bent upon playing a stronger game than the gambler, but one which the latter never "saw into" until it was too late. One by one the gambler placed his thimbles, and one by one the Kentuckian gathered each of the four corners of the bandanna in his hand. Before him was a high and very steep bluff, almost perpendicular—one which no one could ascend, and one which not a soul but the Kentuckian would dare go down. He well knew that the gambler would win this time, and he also knew that he would never dare follow him in a tumble down the bluff.

"All fixed," said the gambler.

"All fixed," said the Kentuckian, as by a sudden twist he wound the corners round his wrist, gathered himself up, and rolled off the precipice like a turtle off a log, taking his own money besides the watch, breast-pin and money of the gambler. The latter was thunderstruck, and gazed at his victim, who was rumbling and tambling down the precipice, with the same feelings the British troopers had when they saw old Gen. Putnam riding down the stone steps at Cow Neck. Safe and sound "under the hill" the Kentuckian landed, jumped upon his feet in an instant, and sang out to the disappointed gambler, who still stood on the high bluff some hundred feet above him:—

"How are you now? Sorry to leave you in this unceremonious way; but business must be attended to. When you want to get up another game of thimbles, and run your rigs upon a chap that has slept all his days on the Mississippi, just drop on board my boat. You'll always find me at home."

This was the last he ever heard of the thimble-player. The rascal well knew that he could get nothing on board the flat-boat except a lynching, and wisely kept away. Thus ends our description of a stronger game even than that known as "The Thimbles." N. O. Picayune.

A BISHOP!

> "Whereof I was made a minister, according to the gift of the grace of God, given unto me by the effectual working of his power."
>
> "The eyes of your understanding being enlightened, that ye may know what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints." - *St. Paul to the Ephesians.*

We referred in a former publication to a report in general circulation respecting the unparalleled profligacy of a Right Rev. Father in God, one of those holy worthies who assume all the piety and virtue of human nature, and a divine right to one-tenth of the produce of the soil to sustain themselves in their spotless and undefiled sojourn on this sublunary spot. The clerical hypocrite to whom we refer has perpetrated as great an outrage on religion and morality as was ever committed by the most profligate and reckless *roué.* We have ascertained, after diligent inquiry, that the whole life of this worthy prelate, and ornament to that clerical beldame "Mother Bang," has been distinguished by a series of successful and amorous intrigues; and that in the vicinity of a particular city he was known amongst the fair sex by the *sobriquet* of "the little man in black." From amongst the victims to his desires, he selected as his favorite mistress the daughter of a respectable couple, whom he had seduced from her home, in the seventeenth year of her age. She was young, handsome, and accomplished, and in every respect qualified to contribute to the pleasures of this worthy churchman, after the laborious and undissembling discharge of his daily clerical duties. To do his Reverence justice, he was attached to his "dear Eliza;" but, if report speaks true, he was not faithful. He treated her with great kindness up to the period when fortune seemed favorable to the advancement of his worldly views, and forced on his pious *pate* a mitre, annexed to which was the moderate income of £10,000 a year, exacted from the industrious inhabitants of his diocese, to be repaid by him in *moral* and *religious* instruction, and good *example.* This happy event took place under Earl Grey's *reforming* Administration; and the worthy Prelate, believing that unless he took a leaf out of the premier-book, and reformed his habits, when he mounted the shovel hat, and tied on his little black apron (which, we presume, is worn for decency's sake), that he bright bring disgrace on his "holy order;" the first thing that struck his mind, under these circumstances, was the necessity and the difficulty of getting quit of "dear Eliza," whose very name now tormented and interrupted the repose of the Right Reverend profligate. But after due consideration, he resolved to dispose of her for a little time; and, to prevent temptation leading him out of the right path, he determined to send the young lady to France. Another obstacle here presented itself. How was she to be sent to a strange country unaccompanied by any person who could procure for her a home? This difficulty, however, was soon got over, as the worthy Prelate calculated on the assistance of an old college chum to rescue him out of the dilemma in which he was placed. He sent for his friend, confided to him the embarrassing position he was placed in, and entreated of him, as an old friend, and the respect he entertained for "Mother Bang," to assist him out of the distressing situation that his profligacy had placed him in. His friend consented, and he was introduced the following day to Eliza, when the Bishop stated his *religious* objections to any further intercourse with her, at the same time expressing his great anxiety for her worldly and spiritual welfare.

He proposed to her to go to Boulogne under the protection of "his friend," until he had time to make some other arrangements for her. The poor girl was much distressed at this unexpected proposition, and greatly affected was the Bishop, who remained with her that day and night, with a view to her spiritual consolation, and to assist her in making preparations for her journey. The "friend" called the next day to take charge of the lady, who started at once for Boulogne, where apartments were taken for her. It would appear from subsequent events that "the friend" made himself agreeable to his fair companion. After a short time he returned to London, and reported progress to the Bishop, and suggested to him that he ought to place the young woman in such a situation that she might recover her position in society. He recommended that a house should be purchased and furnished for her; that she might let a portion of it, and live on the rent; that she might marry some Cockney or half-pay officer, and become a respectable member of society. To these suggestions the Bishop listened with great attention, and agreed in the prudence of adopting them, little thinking, at the time, that his old friend and college chum was contemplating a comfortable residence for himself, and a *tit-bit* into the bargain. A respectable house agent was engaged by "the friend" to look out for a residence in the neighborhood of Regent's Park; one was at length fixed upon, and it was furnished in a plain yet elegant style. The Bishop did not appear in the affair, but paid for all through the agency of his faithful friend, who was dispatched again to Boulogne, to inform "Eliza" with the arrangements made for her comfort and happiness. The unfortunate young woman came to London and took possession of the establishment. What follows in this strange "eventful tale" may be the subject of another chapter, on a future occasion.

London Paper.

Salmagundi.

Curious Stratagem.—Crows have been employed to catch crows, by the following stratagem:—A live crow is pinned by the wings down to the ground on his back, by means of two sharp forked sticks. Thus situated, his cries are loud and incessant, particularly if any other crows are within view. These, sweeping down about him, are instantly grappled by the prostrate prisoner, by the same instinctive impulse that urges a drowning person to catch at every thing that comes within his reach. Having disengaged the game from his clutches, the trap is again ready for another experiment; and by pinning down each captive, successively, as soon as taken, in a short time you will probably have a whole flock screaming about you, in concert with the outrageous prisoners below. Many farmers, however, are content with hanging up the skins, or dead carcases of crows in their corn fields, *in terrorem;* and depend altogether on the gun, keeping one of their people supplied with ammunition, and constantly on the look-out. In hard winters the crows suffer severely; so that they have been observed to fall down in the fields, and on the roads, exhausted with cold and hunger. In one of these winters, and during a long-continued deep snow, more than six hundred crows were shot on the carcass of a dead horse, which was placed at a proper distance from the stable, from a hole of which the discharges were made. The premiums awarded for these, with the price paid for the quills, produced nearly as much as the original value of the horse, besides, as the man himself stated, saving enough feathers for filling a bed.

Suett lodged at the Black Jack, in Clare Market, for many years, where he nightly entertained a set of respectable tradesmen, who "spent their evenings" there. Mr. John Bannister in vain endeavoured to reclaim him, and whenever he was too late for rehearsal, John left the theatre in search of him. One morning Suett not being in time, Bannister went out with a determination to go to his quarters, but accidentally looking up a court in Drury-lane, he saw Suett with three women of the town about him drinking gin, which he was distributing. Bannister went up to him and drawing him aside, said, "Suett, are you not ashamed of yourself; did not you promise me you would *reform?*" "Why so I have," said he, holding up the pewter quartern, "in a *small measure.*"—Being one evening at his usual quarters, a very conceited young man volunteered a song, which he sung very ill. Upon his asking Suett how he liked it, "Why, Sir," said Suett, "your song is like the small-pox." "How's that?" "*A d—lish good thing when it's over.*" The person immediately got up in a rage, and made an appeal to the company; but an appeal against such an antagonist was a dangerous proceeding: every part of his remonstrance was turned into ridicule by the eccentric manner of Suett, who concluded a triumphant reply, amidst roars of laughter, with these words:—

Swans *sing before they die;* 't were no bad thing
Should certain persons *die before they sing.*

A gentleman having said in Suett's presence that he had, in his garden, some peas that had come up in an unusually quick time; "O, Sir," said Suett, "that's nothing—why, a friend of mine sowed some, and they were all up the next morning." "Excuse me, Sir," replied the gentleman, "the thing is impossible." "Why, Sir," said Suett, "I saw them set in the evening, and when I walked in the morning, I found that the d—lish tom cats had clawed them all up."

A Western Love Letter.

My Deere Deere henry—i imbrace this pressent opporchoonity to let you knough as how i am had a spell of the aigur, and i hope theas few lines may find you enjoying the same god's Blessing! Why dont you rite 1 sweate line to tell our sufferin Kathrun all about her pretty sweate Henry. we had a meetin in the blacksmith shop in town last night Lickers is riz; i wunder why my sweet Henry dont come out chur and let me grip my arms around his blessed boddy, so that i can feel my hart beaten agin hizzen. It beets like a little tilt-hammer now. henry if you dont come out pray for me. Sass is skace out chur, except squirls and cat fish and korn-meel, and sich wegertables: Oh my sweet henry—my turkle dove—my piging—my deer deare henry—how my poor sole is longing for your sweet voice—think i hear him singin yanky-doodell as he kums from his plow now. Mary melden has got a baba!—Oh my deer henry do come out and lets git marrud.

so no more at present, but remain
your luving

KATHRUN AN TILDEN.

To my sweet henry.

P. S.—*Part Sekkund.*—Jeems Baslett has raazed a noo house, and Sally does liv so snug; but she fights him sumtimes when he's a little Anthony over. My sweet Henry lets us keeps house, and if you love me, i wont whip you in deed, n or i wont look at nobody else, so i wont, Daddy says as how i must git marrud, bekase i've let it run on too long already.

so no more at present. K. A. T.

P. S.—*Part Thurd.*

my pen is bad my ink is pail
my luv to you shall nuvver fale,
for henry is my own true luv,
My Larc, my Duk, my Turtle Duv.
so no more at present.

K. A. TILDEN.

P. S.—*Noty Beny.*—Mother's ded, and Robert has the fever.
so no more at present
from your luving

KATHRUN AN.

To my Dere henry over the Nallygances in the Pensilveeny State.

The Northern Journal gives an account of a remarkable escape of a child from a panther, at Lowville, Lewis Co., on the 27th ult. On the morning of that day a Mr. Ranney and his wife left their residence—a farm-house in a retired part of the town—in charge of a girl fourteen years old. Near noon the girl heard a little child, who had been left with her, aged fourteen months, and who had been laid while asleep on a bed in an adjoining room, utter a loud scream, on which she immediately ran to its relief, and on opening the door, saw a panther with the babe in its mouth leaping from an open window immediately over the bed! Like a true heroine she sprang upon that and then out of the window, and on being joined by other children, pursued the panther. They followed it about forty rods to a pair of bars which separated the clearing from the forest, at which place the girl approached to within 15 or 20 feet of the panther, when it relinquished its hold of the child, leaped the bars and made its way into the woods. The infant was picked up quite exhausted from its rapid movement through the grass and sand, which had filled its mouth and eyes, but soon recovered and is now well, save a few scratches about its body which have the appearance of having been made by the panther's teeth. The girl states that the panther dropped the child once before arriving at the fence, and it is supposed the giving way of the clothes was the cause, as they were much torn.

Mr. Davis, founder and proprietor of the New Orleans Theatre, died at Mandeville on the 13th ultimo.

THE SAILOR SHIPWRECKED ON LAND.—If any honest heart beats in one bosom more warmly than in another, it is that of the brave American tar. Whether it be the many dangers that beset him on a perilous voyage, or a sense of loneliness while rocked upon the mountain wave, tha leads him to cherish and lock up with sacred care his affections and the better feelings of his nature, and keep them untouched by the scenes of vice and temptation of which he must often be a witness, certain it is that the American sailor is more sensitive to wrong, and more keenly touched by misfortune, than any other individual in the world. It may be that his adventurous life, teaching him as it must, to cling to his shipmates as to his little world—his all—strengthens his nobler, and kinder feelings, and warms them into livelier action than the more monotonous and peaceful life of landsmen.

A sailor, who had been long absent on a voyage, came into port the other day and immediately left Boston on a visit to his friends in Vermont, whom he had left in health a number of years before. Upon his arrival at the spot, the light hearted tar found that they had all died in his long absence. Even the bright eyed girl whom he had left in all her virgin bloom—and to whom he was betrothed—she who year after year had anixously watched for his return—slept beneath the cold sod of the valley! He retraced his steps, and when we met him on his return he was seated by the road side weeping like a child. A feeling of loneliness had come over the noble hearted fellow that had touched a chord in his bosom which all the loneliness of the ocean could not reach. His home desolate—the cherished of his heart, and the loved of his youth—his affianced bride—the sturdy oak and the lily that bloomed in its shade—gone—all gone for ever! The sailor was shipwrecked on land, and the bold heart who had withstood the beating of the surge and the mountain waves—who had braved the perils of the deep in the midnight storm without the trembling of a nerve or the blink of an eye—had now lost sight of his polar star, and bitterly wept at the desolation which had come upon him. Such a man has treasures within his bosom above all price—treasures which are the fruits of a noble nature alone, and can be found embedded in none other than an honest man.

N. H. Eagle.

SPEECH.—There is another power, which each man should cultivate according to his ability, but which is very much neglected in the mass of the people, and that is the utterance. A man was not made to shut up his mind in itself; but to give it voice and exchange it for other minds. Speech is one of our grand distinctions from the brute. Our power over others lies not so much in the amount of thought within us, as in the power of bringing it out. A man of more than common intellectual vigor may, for want of expression, be a cypher without significance, in society. And not only does a man influence others, but he greatly aids his own intellect, by giving distinct and forcible utterance to his thoughts. We understand ourselves better, our conceptions grow clearer, by the very effort to make them clear to another. Our social rank, too, depends a great deal on our power of utterance. The principal distinction between what are called gentlemen and the vulgar, lies in this, that the latter are awkward in manners, and are especially wanting in propriety, clearness, grace, and force of utterance. A man who cannot open his lips without breaking a rule of grammar, without showing his dialect or brogue or uncouth tones, his want of cultivation, or without darkening his meaning, by a confused, unskilful mode of communication, cannot take the place to which perhaps his native good sense entitles him. To have intercourse with respectable people, we must speak their language. On this account I am glad that grammar and a correct pronunciation are taught in the common schools of this city. These are not trifles; nor are they superfluous to any class of people. They give a man access to social advantages, on which his improvement very much depends. The power of utterance should be included by all in their plans of self-culture.—[Dr. Channing.

The Baroness de Feucheres and the Ottoman Ambassador.—It is said that the Turkish ambassador went and dined the other day at the Baroness de Feucheres' country seat, where he was received and treated with a magnificence which the patrimony of the Condes renders easy. After dinner conversation was engaged in the drawing-room. His Excellency was asked with some eagerness whether he had been to see *Bajazet,* and the lady of the house was more particularly anxious to know whether the manners of the Seraglio had been rigorously observed by Racine. The ambassador replied with great courtesy. "Not quite, madam; for instance—and pray pardon my frankness—the catastrophe is not even among the conditions of probability. A woman at Constantinople, whatever her influence might be with the Sultan, could not, except at the cost of her own life, have a Prince strangled. This is to be seen at Parisonly." Quotidienne.

Brougham's Reasons for Drinking.—"What is the reason of your intolerable thirst Brougham?" asked the candid Basil Montague the other day of the ex-Chan. "Upon my word," answered his ready Lordship, "I can't tell, except that I must have been brought up by a *dry* nurse." Age.

The naval armament of France for the ensuing year is to consist of 130 armed vessels with 20,137 men.

The Late Elopement in Kent.—One of the Irish brigade, who recently persuaded the daughter of a City merchant resident not a hundred miles from Shooter's-hill, and who was considered by her fond father and family a *paragon* of beauty, to elope, has caught a "Tartar," or, in other words, the "biter" has been "bit" We hear that papa will not "*fork*" out, and that even as the worthy chevalier himself expresses—"Devil a bit of her togs have they sent her!" We should recommend the father of the lady, now that the *mischief* has been committed, to forgive and forget. The "paragon" might have done worse, for it is evident she had made up her mind to do something in the husband line.

Old Tea Leaves and Regent's Punch.—After every thing that hot water can extract from tea leaves has been extracted, they will still yield, when subjected to the searching power of any strong spirit, nearly as strong an infusion as ever. Whoever, therefore, is ambitious of rivalling, at a cheap rate, his late Majesty (of comfort-loving memory,) in the flavour of his punch, he has only to save the waste contents of the morning tea-pot, for the improvement of the evening bowl.

Some of the latest "Bad Things" going.—In Mrs. Gore's *Pin Money,* we are told that poets are *odeous* things—attorneys' offices, factories for deeds without a name—turnpike-trusts, trusts which trust not—and that tolls are in*tolle*rable.

A Dutiful Son.—A jockey in this town, wishing to make an advantageous display of a horse that he was desirous of selling to a bystander, placed his boy upon the back of the beast, ordering him to "ride him around a short distance." The boy, though well instructed in his trade, unfortunately, in this instance, knew not whether the horse was already his father's, or yet to be bargained for; being anxious, therefore, to learn the will of his father, he stopped after riding a short distance, and inquired with a loud voice, "Father, shall I ride this horse to buy or to sell?"—*Newhaven Register.*

Extraordinary Notice.—The following notice appeared lately on the door of a Roman Catholic Chapel in the west of Ireland:

Put away from Patrick M'Dallah!!

Whereas my wife, Mrs. Bridget M'Dallah, is again walked away with herself, and left me with her four small children and her poor old blind mother, and nobody else to look after the house and home, and I hear has taken up with Tim Galgan *the lame fidler,* the same that was put in the stocks last Easter for stealing Barney Doodey's *Gamecock.*—This is to give notice that I will not pay for Bite or Sup on her or his account to man or mortal, and that she had better never show the marks of her *Ten Toes,* near my house again.

PATRICK M'DALLAH.

N. B. *Tim* had better keep out of *my Site!!!*

Real Affection.—A hackney-coach cad at the West end of the town having died, a subscription was set on foot to bury him, and afford the *disconsolate* widow immediate relief—she received the collection, and when asked to show the body, said she had turned it to a *better account* than wasting good money on so *lost a subject*—she had no room to keep the body, and it had, therefore, been sent to an anatomist for four guineas!

A lady of high fashion having once given out that she wanted a female attendant, one of a very promising appearance presented herself. Being asked whether she understood combing the hair and arranging the head-dress, the new candidate replied that was precisely whats he excelled in, as she only required five minutes to comb and arrange the largest head of hair. "You may go," said the lady, heaving a deep sigh; "what, comb a lady's hair in five minutes; and pray how am I to pass the rest of my morning?"

At a provincial fair, a short time ago, a fellow was conducted before the Mayor of the town, charged with practising the art of legerdemain. On being placed at the bar, the delinquent boldly demanded why he was brought there? "You hear," said his Worship, "the officers accuse you of being a conjurer." "Oh! don't mind what these fellows say," rejoined the conjurer, "they say much worse things of you." "Why, what can they say of me?" asked the Mayor—"They say," said the prisoner, "your Worship is *no conjurer.*"

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Taglioni took a triumphant farewell of her royal, noble, and fashionable admirers on Saturday night, June 29th. To say that—

"Grace was in all her steps,
And Heaven in her eye,"

as she bounded and re-bounded from the stage, is but a tame and hackneyed eulogium on her exertions upon this interesting occasion. She seemed to anticipate that etherialization of female beauty which a rival of Tom Moore told us is to increase the felicity of mankind in a sublimer planet than that which we at present inhabit. Indeed, the enrapt spectators could not be satisfied that she was a creature of mere mortal mould till they called her twice before the curtain at the conclusion of the ballet. The bouquets cast around and upon her made the stage rival the floral splendours of the Chiswick *fête.* Pen of ours cannot describe the depression which appeared in the faces of her votaries, when she at length sprang from the stage as the poet tells us Spring comes—

"Veiled in a shower
Of shadowing roses."

The opera of *Lucrezia Borgia* does not find favor in our *ears* on further acquaintance; although it must be confessed that the performers give increased effect to their *roles* on each successive representation. That confidence which is the result of success seems to have given increased volume and flexibility to the voice of Signor Mario, who is already established as a first-rate favorite. Tamburini exerted himself with laudable anxiety in an ungrateful part for an artist of his high celebrity. But the success of the opera was insured by the incomparable Grisi. Although *La Déesse de la Danse* has crowned heads for her worshippers, the *Queen of Song* fairly shared the triumphs of Saturday with her. Morning Post.

IMPUDENT HOAX.

Some time ago a young woman, of the name of Maria M'Ewen, residing in Foulis, in the neighbourhood of Crieff, appeared before the Session of that parish, and stated that she was with child by a man who lived in the same village. Lately, however, the young woman came to reside with some relations in Crieff, for the purpose of receiving better accommodation at her accouchment; and last week the supposed father received a letter informing him that Maria had been delivered of a still-born child, and charging him to come to Crieff to have it interred, and defray the lying-in expenses. In the mean time a coffin was ordered to be made with all possible speed, into which the infant, decently dressed in grave clothes, was laid, in the presence of Maria's sorrowing relations. The parish sexton was employed to dig a grave; and, during the night, the burial took place with all due solemnity, though attended only by the person who made the coffin and the grave-digger. The man to whom the child was given arrived next morning to perform the last duty of a parent; but he was told that his offspring had been already consigned to the tomb, the child being, as the mother said, in a state quite unfit to be longer kept. This answer, however, did not altogether satisfy the man's mind; and Maria was given to understand that, unless the child was produced, he would not pay her one farthing of the charges. Besides, several circumstances had occurred to excite suspicion that the child had not been fairly dealt with: no professional gentleman was known to have been with the mother at the time of her delivery, and the child was kept secret from the neighbours, none of whom had been either invited or allowed to see it. It was, therefore, suggested that a precognition should be made of the circumstances of the case; and an application was accordingly made to the Fiscal, who sent Dr. Malcolm and another gentleman from Perth on Wednesday to investigate it. These gentlemen, along with Dr. Leitch, of Crieff, repaired to the churchyard, when the grave was opened in the presence of a great number of spectators. The coffin was taken up and carried into the church, and a person employed to take off the lid, while several of the bystanders had already turned away from beholding such a revolting spectacle. The medical gentlemen were in close attendance, with their coats off, and their surgical instruments laid out for immediate operation: a deep silence pervaded the church, and the apprehension that the discovery of a murder was about to be made seemed to be generally entertained. But, behold! instead of an infant, the coffin was found to contain only the form of one, the body and arms being made of tow or lint, a turnip being substituted for the head, on which the face had been ingeniously cut, with mouth, nose, eyes, &c., and then covered with a cloth. The body was dressed in a frock, and the whole wrapped up in a winding-sheet. On the discovery of this hoax, the solemnity of the scene gave way to bursts of laughter, and the official gentlemen left the scene in merry mood at the unlooked for denouement. It appears that the whole was a stratagem to obtain money from the man who was the supposed father of the supposed child. On Tuesday morning the woman was apprehended at Foulis, and sent off to Perth gaol.

Stirling Journal.

THE MORALS OF HANGING.

We do not know from what work the following terrible passage is extracted. We find it in the Albany Daily Advertiser. It bears harder against punishment by death than a whole acre of homily.

The Hangman and the Judge.—Did your lordship ever attend a *killing time* at the Old Bailey? If not, pray favor me with your company;—not on the gallows, but staying in the street, amid a crowd that always assemble when I am at work for you and the sheriff. Perhaps it will add to the zest if you come when I have a young woman to stiffen, supplied by yourself. Will the fluttering of the petticoats, as she swings in the wind, produce a pleasant sound in your ears, my learned master? Fail not to watch the people—the men, women, and children—good, bad, and indifferent—who have gathered to behold the sacred majesty of the law. You will see such flashing of the eyes and grinding of teeth—you will hear sighs and groans, and words of rage, and hatred, with fierce curses on yourself and me; and then laughter, such as it is, of an unnatural kind, that they will make you sick! You will *feel*—no—why should *you* feel more than your faithful journeyman? We shall go to our breakfasts with good appetites, and a firm conviction that every hanging bout changes many sneaking pilferers into saving robbers, fit for murder.

A few years ago I was called out of town to hang a little boy who had been convicted of killing with *malice aforethought*. If guilty, he must have been in the habit of going to executions. Ten thousand came to dabble in the poor young creature's blood. That was the youngest fellow creature I ever handled in the way of business; and a beautiful child he was, too, as you have seen by the papers, with a straight nose, large blue eyes, and golden hair—I have no heart, no feeling; who has in our calling? But those who came to see me strangle that tender youngster have hearts and feelings as we once had. *Have*—no, had; for what they saw was fit to make them as hard as your servant or his master.

They saw that stripling lifted, fainting, on to the gallows, his smooth cheek, the color of wood ashes, his little limbs trembling, and his bosom heaving sigh after sigh, as if the body and soul were parting without my help.

This was a downright murder, for there was scarcely any life to take out of him. When I began to pull the cap over his baby face, he pressed his small hands together, (his arms, you know, were corded fast to his body,) and he gave me a beseeching look, just as a calf will lick the butcher's hand. But cattle do not speak; the creature muttered, "Pray, sir, don't hurt me." "My dear," answered I, "you should have spoken to my master—I'm only the journeyman, and must do as I'm bid." This made him cry, which seemed to relieve him, and I do think I should have cried myself if I had not heard shouts from the crowd—"Poor lamb!—shame!—murder!" "Quick," said the sheriff. "Ready," said I. The reverend gentleman gave me the wink—the drop fell—one kick, and he swayed to and fro, dead as the feelings of the Christian people of England.

The crowd dispersed, some swearing, some weeping, with passionate exclamations; some swearing as if hell had broke loose, and some laughing while they cracked blackguard jokes on you and me, and the parson, and the dangling corpse. They had come for the sight—they would have come to see an angel murdered. They had come to get drunk with strong excitement—they went back reeling and filthy with the hot debauch. They had come to riot in the passions of fear and pity; they went back, some in a fever of rage, some burning with hate, some hardened in heart like me, or you; all sunk down in their own respect, ready to make light of pain and blood, corrupted by the indecent show, and more fit than ever to make work for us—the judge and the hangman.

O, wise law-makers! who think to soften the hearts of the people; to make them gentle and good; to give them a feeling of respect for themselves and others, by showing them a sight like this.

THE TURF IN FRANCE.

BY NIMROD.

There are many, no doubt, among your numerous readers little aware of the extent to which racing in France has arrived, either as relates to the number of the meetings, or the value of the prizes contended for. Of the former, there are nearer thirty than twenty, and the Racing Calendar for 1838, published in Paris, gives the names of 251 owners of race horses in France and Belgium. Of the money to be run for, some idea may be formed by the amount given and subscribed at the last Chantilly races, at which I acted as judge, at the request of the Stewards, who were anxious that, on account of *the large sums* depending on one or two of the races, a totally disinterested person should perform that office. The amount was £500 the first day for five races, of which, as an accurate account of each appeared in "Bell's Life," I shall only name the winners.

The Chantilly prize was won by the Count D'Aumont's b. m. Camarine, by Camel, dam by Woful, at three fine heats, the first only a short head, beating five others. A match for 100 louis aside, was won by his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans' ch. c. Borodino, 2 yrs. old, beating Lord Henry Seymour's b. c. Jericho, by Royal Oak, out of Harriett, by Rainbow. The prize given by the Minister of Commerce was walked over for by the Duke of Orleans' Margaretta, eight drawn. The new Betting Room Stakes was won easily by Lord Henry Seymour's Lantara, beating the Duke of Orleans' Donna Julia; and the two year old stakes (cleverly) by the Duke of Orleans' ch. c. Borodino, beating two others, three drawn. Borodino, by Glaucus, out of Mœliora, by Tramp, was bred by the Prince of Moskowa, and sold to his Royal Highness. He is an excellent goer, and very promising, but has since been beaten by Lord H. Seymour's Jenny, who ran second to him at Chantilly.

Amount of money, second day, £584. The prize given by the Duke D'Aumale (third son to the king, and heir to the Chantilly estate) was won by his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans' b. f. Viola, by Emilius, out of Gimcner. The prize given by the Administration for the improvement of the breed of horses in France was won by Lord Henry Seymour's Vendredi, by Cain, out of Naiad. The Foal Stakes by Monsieur J. Santerre's b. f. Aspasie, beating the Duke of Orleans' Roquencourt, and Lord Henry Seymour's Lantara and Britannia; and the "*Prix de la Reine Blanche*" (the name of some place in the Forest) by Mr. Edwards' b. m. Despair, by Brutandorff, out of Fanny Davies, beating Mr. Carter's b. m. Creusa, by Priam, and Mr. Stephen Drake's Cartoon.

Of the last two races, on this day, I have a few words to say. Aspasie was brought to the post and ridden by Mr. Olivier, the Belgic trainer and rider, of whom I have previously made mention when describing the Brussels' races, and the doings at the Fete of St. Hubert, at Count Duvals. She was well brought to the post, and very steadily ridden by Olivier, who made all the running, and won with apparent ease at the last, although it was a good race. His dress, seat on his saddle,—in short, the *tout ensemble* would not have disgraced Newmarket. And a word or two about Aspasie, to show the uncertainty in racing affairs. This fine filly, got by Royal Oak, dam by Waverley, was hawked about last year, at the price of forty pounds without a bidder! She has not the best houghs I have ever seen, but her blood and size should have made her worth that sum in France. My notice of the second race relates to the articles of it, which I believe are at present without a parallel in the racing world, although it is possible the hint may be taken on our side the water. There were eleven horses entered for this prize of 1000 francs; the entrance money being ten Napoleons for each, only five if declared before the 20th of April. But to whom was the entrance money to go? To the winner? No, but to the *rider* of the winner, who, according with the articles, must be a gentleman. Now as there were eleven horses entered for this stake, and three started, the rider of the winner, Mr. Mackenzie Grieves, pocketed the snug little sum of seventy Napoleons, without further risk than the chance of having to give the rider of the second horse ten Napoleons should he have been last in the race! But had it not been for a mistake committed by the owner of Creusa, the seventy Napoleons would have been in my pocket instead of that of Mr. Grieves. Having been disappointed of his rider, Mr. Carter asked me to supply his place, informing me that the race was to be the *last but one* of the *last* day (Sunday). At eleven o'clock at night, however, of the first day (Thursday), after having dined on the fat of the land at Mr. Charles Laffitte's, he informed me the race was to come off *on the morrow*. I then declined riding his mare, it being impossible to do justice to a race horse—a free pulling one, especially—without a little preparation, and I knew I should have to contend against two excellent jockies Mr. Grieves and Mr. De Normondie. As it appeared, I should have ridden the winner, unless, indeed, as was the case with the French gentleman (Count D'Aumont) who rode equally unprepared, I had fallen off the mare from exhaustion within a few strides from home. I once did ride a two-mile race at Lichfield without any preparation, and made a vow I would never do so again. Besides, in this case, I was three pounds too heavy, which in two days would have been got rid of by two good walks, and a little wholesome discipline in some other respects. No man can ride a race with a full stomach. Edgar Pavis told me he lost a trial at Newmarket by eating some luncheon before he got into his saddle; and I observed Mr. White eat no dinner at Melton the day before he had to ride at Croxton Park.[*] I do not disapprove of these articles. They would, if generally adopted, be the means of bringing some good gentlemen riders to the post, who now dislike the trouble and expense without a chance of remuneration, which is the case where such articles are not in force. Contrary to expectation, their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours came this day to the course, but returned to Paris in the evening, having three relays of carriage horses on the road. The racing was very good on the whole, but there was only a sprinkling of company on the course. I counted twelve carriages, and no more.

Third and last day—amount of money, £632. Here was verified the old adage of "better day, better deed," for I really believe there were fifty thousand persons on the course—amongst them [illegible] two Royal Dukes who came from Paris to the ground, and returned to Paris after the sport was concluded.

For the Duke of Orleans' prize of 3000 francs, Mr. Santerre's Aspasie, again ridden by the Belgic jockey, as also his Royal Highness's Nautilus, by Cadland, out of Vittoria, were beaten easily, at two heats, by Lord Henry Seymour's Fortunatus, by Royal Oak, out of Egte, (a fine colt). The filly had not forgotten her last race. Then came the grand event of the meeting—the Jockey Club plate—*the Derby of France*, for which nine of the best three-year-olds in France came to the post, and got well away at the first attempt. I call this the "grand event," because it is not only a test of all the best stables, but because there are always many thousand pounds betted upon it, (said to be twelve thousand this year), and the favorites are generally in the stables of the Duke and Lord Henry, which was the case in the present instance, each having three horses at the post—the Duke's Romulus, by Cadland, out of Vittoria, having the call; Lord Henry's Chip-of-the-old Block, by Royal Oak, out of Maria, (a very fine colt), being second favorite. It was a beautiful race, won by Romulus by a long neck only, Lord Henry's Lantara, by Royal Oak, out of Naiad, second. I only placed the first two, and whether the Chip-of-the-old Block, or the Duke's Roquencourt was third, I am unable to say. Frederick Edwards, brother to George Edwards, the Duke's trainer and principal jockey, of no small Newmarket fame, rode the winner with great patience as well as judgment. On my asking him, before starting, why he was about to ride in a curb bridle, he made me this sensible answer.—"Romulus," said he, "is an idle horse, and wants a deal of pulling together, to get running out of him. A free-going horse I like to ride in a snaffle, but give me a curb bridle for an idle one, and if all jockies were of my opinion, there would be more true running than there is." I agree with this clever young jockey, especially where running is to be made, as was the case here. If an idle horse, when urged by his jockey, goes boring on his bit, and consequently on his shoulders and fore parts generally, he is sooner exhausted in a race, than when brought into his proper form, with his haunches well under him, relieving the pressure upon his fore parts, which we know are weaker than the hinder ones.

By the bye, this valuable colt (Romulus), as well as his rider, had a most miraculous escape on the Wednesday previous to the commencement of the meeting. When leading a gallop, with a string behind him, on one of which was his brother George, he came to a part of the course, across which a rope was incautiously left, tight drawn, and over which himself and his horse fell, luckily without serious injury to either. The colt, however, was somewhat sore after his fall, which prevented his *beginning* his race so soon as he was intended to do, and accounted, as his trainer said, for his not having been more in front at the finish, having been shut in at the last turn from home. He is a clever colt—not so clever to the eye as the Chip-of-the-old-Block—with very light action, and as Lord Henry won the last three Derbys (as this prize is called), the Duke's success was agreeable to almost all who did not pay dearly for it. His Royal Highness has been doing very well on the Turf since George Edwards has been his trainer, and the answer I gave to a person who asked me whether I did not think his (Edwards') system a severe one, (too much in the Will Chifney school) was this:—"I know not what his system is," said I, "but whatever it may be, it succeeds, as the running at Paris and Chantilly has shown."

I confess I was glad when this last mentioned race was over, forasmuch as, from the circumstance of there being three horses out of the nine in the Duke's colors, and three in Lord Henry's, a difficulty might have arisen in naming the winner out of those two stables, and it was confidently expected that out of one or the other the winner would be. I am, however, happy to say, that all went well; there was no attempt at an appeal against my decision, although there were several very near things, and there was only one false start during the three days, which tells to the credit of the jockies.

To show the progressive state of racing in France, I may state, that the subscribers to this stakes, the first year, were only five; the second eleven; the third seventeen; and there are thirty-nine for that of the next year! In a conversation I had with his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans, I lamented the death of Cadland, the sire of Romulus, as a horse likely, from his stoutness and good constitution, to have suited the French turf; but notwithstanding the good and true running of Romulus and also of Nautilus,[†] his Royal Highness was not of my opinion. No doubt Royal Oak is by much the best stallion that has been in France since Rainbow, whose good constitution told greatly on his stock. The following stakes are also drawn out for the next and future years, and are sure to fill:—

The New Betting Room Stakes, 1000 francs each, half forfeit, for colts and fillies foaled in France in 1837.

Glatigny Stakes, 1000 francs each, half forfeit, for colts foaled in France in 1838.

Port Maillon Stakes, 1000 francs each, half forfeit, for fillies foaled in France in 1838.

The Foal Stakes, 500 francs each, half forfeit, for colts and fillies foaled in France in 1839.

Two-year-old Stakes, 300 francs each, 100 forfeit, for colts and fillies foaled in France, to be run on the first day of the Chantilly Meeting, 1840.

Trial Stakes, 500 francs, half forfeit, for colts and fillies, foaled in 1838, the produce of stallions and mares bred in France, to be run for on the Champ de Mars' Spring Meeting, 1841. This is, I believe, the first stakes that has been confined to colts and fillies, the produce of thorough-bred stallions and mares *bred in France*.

As is the case at Epsom, the races that followed the Jockey Club stakes at Chantilly—the amount of which to the winner was 11,800 francs, or £472 sterling—created little interest. There was a wretched handicap, by whom made I know not, but won in a canter by the Duke's Esmeralda; a match between Incertitude and Woodnymph, won by the former; and old Mendicant, by Tramp, out of Lunacy, purchased by me last year at Newmarket for the Prince of Moskowa, for the small price of £300, came once more to the post, giving Lady Charlotte, a three-year-old by Reveller, out of Augusta's dam, 40 lbs., beating her in a canter, and making the *eleventh time of his winning in France, at thirteen starts*—all within the year, besides making a trip to his old country and running twice there. I smiled at hearing the remark of Carter, Lord Henry's trainer, as the old horse was led to the scales, "He can carry all such animals as this (meaning Lady Charlotte) on his back," said he, "and go as fast as they can go." He is, I believe, matched to run at Versailles, giving one of these animals 55 lbs.!"[‡] And yet this is the horse the French government refused to purchase for the stud, because he has not the handsomest of heads, and his color is chesnut! The Meeting concluded with two hurdle races, for which only two horses came to the post. The one, old Counterpart, the property of Count Henry Greffulke, (I wonder this young Count, who is *beaucoup riche*, does not bring something good to the post, as he has a turn for the turf,) ridden by Mr. Mackenzie Grieves, won the first heat, but, pulling up lame, that well known (in England as well as in France,) good sportsman and horseman, Monsieur de Normondie, cantered over the course for both stakes, clearing all the hurdles thrice over, to the great amusement of the natives.

I have omitted to state, in its proper place, that on Saturday there was what is called a steeple-chase, but why, unless for the benefit of postmasters, it should have taken place good twelve miles from Chantilly I could not anywise conjecture, as it was run over a large ploughed field, without an original fence, nor indeed one of any sort which the late John Mytton would not have driven his gig over without the least hesitation. However, having a seat offered me in Count D'Aumont's carriage, I made one among the many, for the assemblage was great; and to show the folly of this description of race in one point of view, from the rapidity with which the horses (nine started) were ridden at these fences, if such they could be called, two fell and unseated their riders (Mr. Manners Sutton was one of them), and even Mr. Grieves's mare was on her head in the second heat, although he prevented her rolling over by his fine horsemanship. And it was by his fine horsemanship alone that he won the race for his friend Count Henry Greffulke, for there were several faster nags in the race than the mare he rode. The getting into the saddle unprepared also told severely on some of the gentlemen jockeys in this race, for the sun was very hot, and the pace good. One of them nearly fainted on dismounting, and two more declined the honor of contending for the second heat. For my own part, the chief gratification I derived was the drive through a pretty country, and an excellent luncheon at a neighboring chateau, but who is the hospitable proprietor of it I am not able to say.

Count D'Aumont is likely to become a spirited supporter of the French turf. His bringing Camarine, the winner of the Chantilly prize the first day, in a van from Caen, and sending it back to fetch other horses for Versailles' Meeting, created much interest, and has the appearance of *business*. The Count is a very gentlemanlike person, of unaffected, agreeable manners, and speaks English, an accomplishment of no small value in my estimation, and one that is very much on the increase in the best French society, and to which racing has very considerably contributed.

It now and then amuses even myself to reflect on the sort of roving life I occasionally lead. Only a few days previous to my arrival at Chantilly, I was following fox-hounds in the forest of Salcey, in Bedfordshire,[*] the name of which has escaped me, and I was now in full expectation of seeing a fine full headed stag roused from his lair in the noble forest of Chantilly, which with little interruption of open plains,—and I believe the Rhine river—is said to extend to the Black Forest in Germany. But I am quite sure a roving life is equally good for body and soul. As regards the one, should you catch cold in Yorkshire, and be ready to choke with coughing, a week at the Land's End will be sure to choke off your cough; and as to the other, the vexations and disappointments you occasionally meet with teach you philosophy in the proper exercise of patience. Fancy yourself, Mr. Editor,—as was my case—twenty-four hours going 140 miles, in a thing called a "*diligence*," (lucus a non lucendo) and on your arrival at the end of your journey, having travelled through a frosty night, being told there was no fire in your room *because it was the month of May!* Then to be told that there would be no stag hunting at Chantilly on account of the emeute in Paris! All this is, I suppose, part of our probationary existence, and I always console myself with the reflection that "things might have been worse." For example, when I looked out of the window of the coupe of this infernal machine, just as the morning dawned of the day to which I am alluding, and found we were going down a long hill without the wheeler's heads being coupled together, (the fellow had forgotten to do so) I said to myself,—"If we get well out of this scrape, I will not utter a single complaint for a week to come." Oh the docility of French diligence horses! it is something astonishing.[†] But, although I could not growl, what a disappointment was awaiting me! I went this year to Chantilly, supposing I should see by far the gayest race meeting that had hitherto taken place in France, extending over four days with plenty to do on each. There were, I had been informed, upwards of sixty race-horses in the town, and a pack of hounds to furnish amusement for the non-racing day, which was Saturday; and I also found that the most extensive preparations had been made at the chateau for the Royal party from Paris, amongst whom was to have been the Duchess of Orleans, her Royal Highness having expressed a desire to see the sport of the week. Even the theatre at the chateau had been fitted up, and in a superb style, with white satin and gold fringe; boats and watermen had been brought from Paris to exhibit a regatta on the lake which washes the walls of the chateau, and in the department of the *cuisine* no expense had been spared. In fact his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans had come from Paris the preceding week to see that all was right towards the accomplishment of the object of his desire, to exhibit a splendid spectacle, and furnish amusement to all who attended the meeting. But what a joy-killing scene did I witness on the evening of the first day!—an omnibus full of the Duke's footmen, on their return to Paris, in their undress, blue jackets, instead of being scarlet-vested and shoulder-knotted, preparing for the banquet which was to have taken place at the chateau at eight o'clock that evening. To all this disappointment we were of course indebted to the emeute at Paris, which had occurred three days before. And mark the result of this emeute! *Before* it was known that the Royal party were not to be at the chateau, I was asked a hundred francs for a small bed-room over a barber's shop for the four nights, and afterwards I might have had it for twenty. In fact, the little town of Chantilly lost the benefit of an expenditure to the amount of from two to three thousand pounds, besides the largess to the poor, who are not forgotten on these occasions in France; and if trade was bad in the capital, how much more so must it have been by so many families, both French and English, being driven from it by alarm. Let us hope, however, for the absence of all interruptions—of emeutes especially—to the sport and amusements of next year, when it is my intention to attend this very agreeable meeting, his Royal Highness the Duke having expressed to me his wish that I should do so. As far as the racing was concerned, nothing could have been more satisfactory than that of the one just concluded: not a dispute arose on any subject, and with the exception of one horse (the Duke's Lestocq, by Sir Hercules, out of Clatter) breaking down, not the most trifling accident occurred on the course. But, let me recollect; was there no jumping over ropes? Yes; Lady Charlotte kicked Frederick Edwards off just before starting against Mendicant, and then jumped the ropes; and John Mizen, the jockey, was also carried over them after he had passed the winning post. It is a pity that the Chantilly course cannot be made what is called a free one, which would do away with the necessity of the *outside* ropes, or, indeed, of any, excepting from the distance-post home.

I saw the hounds, the property of the Duke of Orleans, which were to have provided the Saturday's amusement, at exercise in the park, attended by five men in green jackets and caps. They consisted of thirty-one couples, and although they were not all of a sort,—being designed for various purposes,—they looked efficient, and in pretty good condition. I could have picked out about twenty couples that would, I think, give a good account of their game. And a word or two of the dog language; the monosyllable *ho* very quickly repeated—as "Ho, ho, ho," answers in France to our "Yo, goit," to call hounds back. It does not sound classical to an English ear, but the effect, I observed, was instantaneous. These hounds chiefly hunt the forest of Saint Germains.

The mention of the Royal Duke's hunting establishment reminds me of the general one of his royal father, of which, although it almost exceeds belief, the following statement is a correct one:—one hundred and seventy carriages, including berlins, coupes, caleches, and britskas, together with twenty-six richly-gilt and ornamented state carriages, with eight-horse red morocco leather harness, trimmed with silk, ornaments and reins richly gilt. Six hundred and forty-five horses, one hundred and twenty pairs of harness, two hundred and forty saddles, three hundred and forty-five men employed in the stables. There are a great many English horses in the stables; amongst them six *sets* of greys, far superior, I am informed by a tasty Englishman, to any to be seen in our Queen Victoria's stables; also several Arabs, of one of which the following, to me incredible, feat is attributed. He was presented to the King by Abder Kader, having once been ridden by him eighty-five leagues in twenty-four hours, without food or water. Now, allowing only 2½ miles to a league, the distance is 200 miles, and even here appears the non-possible.

But I have not done with the establishment of Louis Philippe. There are eight hundred livery servants on his Majesty's establishment in Paris, and the palaces in the vicinity of it! This is the person, reader, who is represented as a *miser* by some part of our London press, and whom some of his own subjects have attempted to kill. "If you and I," said a Frenchman to me, "had only a tenth part of what Louis Philippe spends, and *which he is not called upon to spend*, we should be accounted rich, even in your country." If I were a Paris tradesman, I should cry, "May the King live *for ever*"—for what a benefit to trade must such an expenditure be. I revere liberty, and see no want of it in France beyond the carrying a passport in one's pocket; but I often have wished that Marcus Brutus had never held up the bloody dagger for approbation of the act he had instigated another to commit; and that Cicero had not joined in the approval. I hate a dagger in any man's hand, unless used in self-defence.

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[*] I have tried all laborious operations in husbandry, but none of them come near, in severity, to that of riding a free-going horse in a fast run race, especially on a turning course, where his speed must occasionally be checked. Digging out a deep ditch, with a clay bottom, and throwing out the earth on the bank, as also thrashing a floor of wheat *without stopping*, are very trying to both muscles and lungs, but then there are intervals of rest—in the one case, whilst the spade is brought down to be re-filled, and in the other, whilst the flail is in the air; but in riding a race, the strain is violent and unceasing even for the interval of a second. It is the interval of rest, whilst the oar is being feathered that accounts for human strength being made more available in the operation of rowing a boat, than in any other where manual power is employed.

[†] Nautilus beat Lord H. Seymour's Lydia, the best mare ever bred in France, at the last Paris meeting. Lydia however, has not been in her best form since she had the distemper last year.

[‡] He has since run a match against Barbarina, who ran second to Don John, giving her 24 lbs.; and was afterwards beaten in a handicap giving 4 year olds, Nautilus amongst them, 50 lbs., and even 60 lbs. Shame! Shame!

[*] With Lord Fitzwilliam's hounds, who met at the Purlieus, immense woods, the property of the Duke of Bedford.

[†] Since this was written, the coach I travelled with (the Phœnix) has been upset, and several of the passengers dreadfully injured. One amputation, if not two, has taken place, and a lady had her eye cut out of the socket!

To return to pleasanter subjects. All our associations with May are pleasing. In early times the first of the month was a day most agreeable both to gods and men, and it shone as welcome on Olympus as on Rome. Aurora was the patroness of it, and as we read of

"Zephyr with Aurora playing,
When he met her once a Maying,"

we may presume that in spite of her modesty, the goddess and the young man mingled together in the revels. But it was not until I arrived at Chantilly that I could believe we had entered upon this much talked-of, this much written-about month. In my own neighborhood scarcely a green leaf had been to be seen, except just bursting from the bud: on the night of the fourteenth there was a very severe frost, and on the morning of the sixteenth a sharp snow! Under such circumstances as these the beauties of Chantilly were very much diminished, inasmuch as the *vivid green* of forest trees—the young oaks especially—which at this season of the year is so very agreeable, as well as refreshing to the eye of man, had scarcely begun to show itself. Nevertheless, Chantilly, under any circumstances, cannot be but delightful, and I will give your readers a very brief description of it.

The town itself has nothing striking about it, from the high road to Paris, which just passes the skirts of it, but, looking into the park, are some very good houses, embosomed, as it were, in ornamental shrubberies and flower-gardens. The park itself is not of great extent, but its beauty consists in being bounded by the forest, having the fine stables in one part of it, and the noble chateau at the extremity. The superb architecture of the stables I will not attempt to touch upon, but the size of the principal one may be imagined when I say it contains stalls for 186 horses—which stalls I have seen filled, in the Chantilly race week, as they would have been this year had the royal party been at the chateau; and they were *always* full in the time of the late occupier, his Royal Highness the Duke of Bourbon, who, I think I may venture to say, was the keenest sportsman the world has ever seen, as will presently appear. Of the size of the chateau, which stands surrounded by lakes and gardens that would puzzle the pen of auctioneer Robins to say too much about, may be computed from the fact, that exclusive of offices, there are four rows of windows, thirty-four windows in each row. Some of the rooms are very handsome and capacious, the dining or banquetting room especially, which would contain a hundred guests; but the interior of the whole having been dismantled of its chief ornaments, and a long time uninhabited, is of course now seen to disadvantage. There is a fine marble statue of the son of the late proprietor of the chateau, who, had his life been spared, would now have been on the throne of France; and one picture—a very large one—which pleased me much. It represents the celebrated Prince de Conde, the founder of the Bourbon family, stopping the goddess of Fame from blowing the trumpet of victory, with one hand, and, with the other, tearing out the leaf of the history of France which has just recorded the siege of Paris, at which he, the Prince, was compelled to fire on his countrymen. The figures are beautifully as well as classically arranged; that of Fame is represented in a flying attitude, descending to the ground towards the spot on which the Prince stands, and the historian rests the book in which he is supposed to have been recording the fact, on the shoulders of the figure of Time, which lays prostrate at his feet.

The room I was most desirous to see was the chamber of the late Duke, as I was told it was in the same state as when his Royal Highness occupied it. "This was the Duke's bed," said the person who showed me the chateau, in answer to my question with a view to ascertain the fact, "but I suppose no bed occupied, regularly, by one individual, was ever so little *slept* upon as the one you now see." Four hours was, I believe, considered a long night by this insatiable sportsman, who hunted or shot almost every day in the year, Sundays excepted Then the distance he would go, to meet his hounds, almost staggers belief. Thirty miles was considered a short one; and having said this, it is not to be wondered at that he should have worn out six persons who had to take their turns—two at a time—in attendance upon him. His Royal Highness, however, reached his seventieth year.

I had an opportunity of examining the yearly accounts—very regularly kept—of the game killed by the different packs of hounds, of this illustrious sportsman. In some of the years, the success was astonishing. For example—in 1829 only two wild boars were lost out of 124 hunted. In 1827, only six stags escaped out of 83 hunted; and in 1828, only two out of 92. The greatest number of failures was with the Chevreuil hounds, by reason of the short running of this game making the hunting of them so difficult. I have often lamented my not having accepted the invitation I had the honour to receive from this distinguished personage to witness his performances in the field. It was accompanied by a summary of that year's sport, signed by Baron Flagon (who, by the by, dropped down dead, soon afterwards, in Calais, on his road to England.) and conveyed to me by that good sportsman, Sir Maxwell Wallace, Colonel of the 5th Dragoon Guards.

I have now little more to say of Chantilly and its races, and that little will be comprised in the following remarks. I should like to see two sweepstakes on the last day, for the beaten horses of the week; not a handicap, but weight for age—the winner of the first not to start for the second. It would be a saving clause, and encouragement to those who had brought a good horse to the post, although beaten by a better. If any one doubted clever horses being bred in France, their doubts would have been dissipated had they attended the Chantilly Meeting of this year. Where will a finer three year old be seen than that of the Chip-of-the-Old-Block, bred by Lord Henry Seymour; or the mare Margaretta, bred by the Duke of Orleans, who can go the pace and stay at it? Lantaver (Lord Henry's) is also a very clever colt, wanting only a little more length. As for the threatened departure of Lord Henry from the French turf, I cannot bring myself to believe it will ever take place, so long as his Lordship resides in France. How could he exist in this country without a pursuit to which he has been so long attached, and on which, until this year, when his horses having been amiss, he has succeeded so well! And no one can say he fails in doing the thing with spirit, forasmuch as he had twelve horses this year at Chantilly.* George Edwards is doing great things for the Duke, as trainer and rider, and give me the man who trains and rides, in preference to the man who only trains. Look into the calendar and see what the late Mr. Mytton did with his horses, when Will Dunn trained and rode them; and how comparatively little he did afterwards. In a conversation I had with the Count de Gambis, who is at the head of the horse establishment belonging to the Duke of Orleans, and who is intitled to the greatest credit for what he has done for his Royal Highness, in forming a stud, expressed himself highly favourable towards the system of Mr. Edwards, saving only in one respect. "He is too fond," said the Count, "of the in-door system with the young horses, which I fear will be injurious to their feet, by keeping them too dry." "No fear, Count," I replied; "I perceive he makes them stand every day in wet clay, which answers every end, as far as the feet are concerned, and the in-door system already tells in the Duke's stud. The less grass race horses eat, is now become a proverb at Newmarket, and Edwards knows it to be a true one." Edwards appears to like France as well as a Newmarket man can be expected to do, and, to add to his comforts, has just united himself to a very pretty young wife. A stud groom, whom I sent last year to the Prince of Moskowa, has done the same thing, so that there is likely to be a market for such articles in France as there has long been in India.

I was pleased by a little incident that occurred to myself, because it is one among the many proofs I see of the increasing good feeling between the French and the English. I entered a booth which was filled almost to suffocation, to procure a biscuit and a glass of wine. Although there were three persons serving in it, they were so pulled about by one or the other, that I despaired of being served before I might be again wanted at my post, and was about to depart as I came. Seeing my impatience, I was thus addressed by a French farmer, at least to that class of persons did he appear to me to belong. "You are in a hurry, Sir; we have just opened this bottle of wine, pray drink with us;" so filling me a bumper, we pledged to each other, and shook hands at parting.

My journey homeward was unattended with any incident worth recording save one. At Abbeville we took up an Irish lady with whom I had a slight acquaintance, as she once resided at Calais; and she amused me and my fellow traveller in the coupé, with the following rich anecdote. "As I was quitting Paris," she said, "some years back, in one of these ponderous machines, which had fourteen trunks belonging to my family on the top of it, a *hind*-wheel broke at the end of the first league. The crack-brained postillion went back to Paris, and returned with a *fore*-wheel!" "Your countrymen could not have beaten that, Madam," I replied, "and, as our coachmen say, if you had brought the kitchen grate with you, your luggage would have been complete." Fourteen trunks belonging to one portion of a coach load!! By heavens, the wonder was, not that one wheel gave way, but that two did not succumb to such a pressure from *above*, as our would-be patriots occasionally do that which is *without*.

At every place at which we stopped, I observed the police especially on the alert—at Abbeville, indeed, there were four gens d'armes in the inn yard, besides other police officers, the natural consequence of the late emeute at Paris. I never before saw such rigid examination of passports, and comparison of the description with the original; but, strange as it may appear, I was never once subjected to the not very pleasant ordeal. But why? I can only suppose it was, that, being clad in a light drab Newmarket great coat, with a blue bird's-eye cravat on my neck, and a cane-handled hunting whip in my hand, I was looked upon as some thick-headed John Bull who was not likely to trouble himself about politics, still less to commit treason, in his own country or any other.

One more little incident shall close this paper. On the second evening of my dining at Mr. Charles Laffitte's, I observed the ladies employed in forming a chaplet of laburnum and other flowers, to adorn the victorious brow of Mr. de Normondie. I told Lady Aylmer, who, with her Lord, was on a visit to Monsieur and Madame Laffitte, that it reminded me of a circumstance which occurred some years back whilst I was on a visit to Mr. Musters, when he hunted Northamptonshire. Taking some violets from his bosom, and presenting them to a very pretty woman who sat beside him, he asked her, why violets were always to be found in a country church-yard? She could not answer the question, neither could I; but recollecting that when Amaryllis shed tears for the death of Amyntas, flowers are said to have sprung up at the place whereon they fell, I took out my pencil and scribbled the following lines:—

You ask me why the violet blooms
Amongst the silent dead;
And why amid the mould'ring tombs,
It loves to rear its head?

I'll tell you why the violet blooms,
Amongst the silent dead;
And why amid the mould'ring tombs,
It loves to rear its head.

Sweet woman there is often seen
To dew the ground with tears:
And where her angel form has been,
Her favourite flower appears.

Then, when she comes to deck the grave,
Where her heart's treasure lies,
She finds the chaplet ready made,
To grace his obsequies.

On my repeating these lines to Lady Aylmer, and afterwards to the company assembled, a request was made that I should write them in the album of a young lady who was present, and of course I could not refuse. They have already been in print, but nevertheless may be new to many of your readers.

June 14, 1839. NIMROD.

P. S.—I forgot to state, that the French Government have several clever colts and fillies, now in training by Thomas Robinson, brother to the celebrated "Jem" of Derby fame. Two colts by Lottery, and one by Paradox, are very like racers.

London Sportsman for July.

MORE "TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS."

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

THE LAST OF THE LINKS.

Our hero, William Webb, *alias* "Flare-up," *alias* "Hoppy," was the son of the manager and proprietor of a perambulating circus. In early life, Master Webb was sent to a grammar school, where he gave promise of becoming in time a grand genius. Poems, plays, and romances were his chief studies. His father's ambition had been to bring up his son (we were about to say) to the *rope*, but, literally, as a rope-dancer. The tender parent had a way peculiar to himself of "teaching the young idea to *dance*," by standing under him with a pitchfork, and saying, "Now, Bill, if ye tumbles, I'm blowed if I don't spit ye." Unfortunately, the hopeful son did tumble, and sprained his leg, rendering every further attempt as an "equestrian, dancer, or voltigeur" futile. Bill Webb then renewed his studies, and, to use his father's remark, "had considerably improved his *style*, though he had altered his *gait*." Webb, *père*, was taking his farewell circuit,—a tempting offer from the London managers for his quadrupeds to draw that which the bipeds had failed to do—good houses—had decided him to retire into his "otium cum *diginitate*," as he called it; but not before he had recommended his son to a company of "comedians," who had so great a respect for their Thespian founder, that they still continued to make their stage a wagon, roaming from fair to fair.

Here Bill Webb picked up his stock of rare quotations, which he lugged in on every occasion; he was a master of all work—scene-painter, candle-snuffer, carpenter, bill sticker, poet laureate, advertisement writer, occasionally dressed up in a "suit of real armour," beating a gong, and requesting the company to "valk up and see the best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited,—Seneca cannot be too heavy nor Plautus too light." At one time Mr. Webb would take the part of "grotesque" to the rope (for clown was deemed vulgar), throwing twenty summersets, and "chalking the 'eels of Mademoiselle Zephyrine Sylphide on the *corde elastique*." At another, he would assume the form of a French refugee, the respected parent of the aforesaid demoiselle, and, with shoulders shrugged up, would watch her evolutions, calling down the sympathy of the public by the delicate attentions and anxiety he evinced, in offering his knee to her as a ladder, in extending his arms to catch the danseuse in case she should make a false step, and ordering "rope tighter,—dem it! Bring de hoops; de chalk for de heels; and de balance-pole and flags, pour Mademoiselle Zephyrine Sylphide, première danseuse du cirque Olympique de Paris."

Webb was a poet of no mean degree; his descriptive powers, the deep pathos he evinced in his writings, will speak for themselves. To his prolific pen was attributed that epigrammatic couplet,

"He that prigs vot is not his'n,
If he's cotch'd must go to prison;"

as also a ballad written on the occasion of a celebrated murder; we only remember a few verses, and if we did remember more, we would not, as the reviewers say, deprive our readers of the gratification of referring to the talented work, and, as Sir James Mackintosh said of Corinne, "of swallowing it slowly that they might taste every drop."

AIR.—"*There's nae luck about the house.*"

"They axed him down from London town
A shooting for to go,
But little did the gemman think
As they would shoot him too.

So Ruthven went, from Bow-street sent,
Searching the country over,
Until he pitched into Joe Hunt,
John Thurtell and Bill *Probert*.

His throat they cut from ear to ear,
His brains they pun*ched* in,
His name was Mr. William Weare,
Wot lived in Lyons Inn."

How pithily yet correctly is the trial described.

"Confined he was in Hertford Jail,
A jury did him try,
And worthy Mr. Justice Park
Condemn'd him for to die."

The exertions of the counsel are eloquently eulogised: and the peroration involves a fine moral.

"Now Mr. Andrews he did strive
And Mr. Chitty too,
To save the wicked wretch alive,
But, no,—it would not do.

Upon the gallows tree he hung
Suspended by the neck,
This fatal story have we sung,
Foul murder for to check."

We have hitherto omitted to mention young Webb's dramatic talents, which were of the first order; his playbills would have thrown all modern ones into the shade. He was the author of ten melodrames, not translated from the French, two ballets of action, and fourteen comic pantomimes. He had a great talent for altering the title of plays; one specimen of his ingenuity may be recorded. When the authorities forbade the illegitimates performing the legitimate drama, he brought out Othello under the modern title of "Is he Jealous?" His remark on the burning of Exeter Theatre was characteristic and quaint. "So the Theatre Royal is burnt down, Webb," said the manager to him. "Yes, sir; quite according to stage directions,—'Enter a fire, *exit a Theatre*' (EXETER Theatre)." We have, with some difficulty, procured one of Webb's benefit bills, which we present to our readers.

"LOTS OF FUN!!

"THEATRE-ROYAL.

"WEBB'S NIGHT.—UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION!

"Be it wet, or be it dry night,
Come, oh come, because it's *my* night."

"Blow, blow, thou wintry wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As *benefits* forgot."—SHAKSPEARE.

"Why does Webb wish to be unlike the apothecary's shop in Romeo and Juliet? Do you give it up? Because he hopes not to have 'a beggarly account of empty boxes.'—SHAKSPEARE.—Hem.

"Mr. Webb has the honor to announce to the nobility and gentry, and the public at large, that his *Benefit* is fixed for Monday the 10th of June, 18—; on which occasion he is enabled to offer a PHALANX of talent hitherto unequalled and unrivalled in this or any other THEATRE in the WORLD.

"The performance to commence with a drama of peculiar interest, written by Mr. Webb, entitled 'Manfredi the Machiavelian; or Misery, Mystery, Murder and Madness.' 'Murder will out.' The * * * * * by Mr. Webb! The scenery and decorations by Mr. Webb!! The properties by Mr. Webb!!! The dances arranged by Mr. Webb!!!! The music selected by Mr. Webb!!!!! The whole produced under the immediate direction of Mr. Webb!!!!!!

"After which a Comic Divertisement, called 'Love in the Soap Suds; or, Has your Mother sold her Mangle?' Lubin (disguised as Mother Soapemwashemdryem, the washerwoman), by Mr. Webb.

"In the course of the evening, Optical Illusions and Conjuring by Mr. Webb.—'There's magic in *the web*.'—SHAKSPEARE.

"Tight-rope Dancing by Mademoiselle Zephyrine Sylphide, the French Phenomena.

"Gymnastic Feats by the Ashantee Voltigeurs

"Slack-rope Dancing by the 'Wonder of the World,' Pocohontas Sagonitche Ogenubigo, or the American 'Flying Squirrel.'

"The terrific combat of four, from 'Leofrid of the Lion heart; or the Crusader's Revenge,' by Messrs. Webb, Montmorenci, Fitzorville and Montague Lewson.

"Protean Evolutions by the Infant Prodigy, Le petit Beaugerard.

"The Living Pyramids by Signor Fanfarelli, Herr Spittzenburg, and Monsieur St. Bernard.

"Wong Fong-hong-hi, the Chinese Sprite, on the Elastic Corde.

"War-dance and Cannibal Feast, *Le festin des morts*, by the Otaheite Warriors.

"The evening's entertainments to conclude with Webb's last grand Comic Pantomime and Fairy Spectacle, with entire new scenery, machinery, dresses, transformations, properties, and all its appointments (never surpassed here), under the title of 'Mihinmah the beautiful and the magic Swan; or, Harlequin and the Fairy Sunbeam of the Silver Lake and Mystic Waters.' SCENERY AND INCIDENTS: Transparent Lake in the valley of Diamonds. Ærial Chorus. Gambols of the Fairy Elves. The Feast of Roses. Rising of the Waters. Palace of the Enchanted Princess. Terrific storm. Mountain Tornado. Phantom Fight. Crystal Palace and Hall of Diamonds. Cascades and Revolving Stars. The Lake by Moonlight. Nymphs Bathing. Brilliant Temple of the Fairy Sunbeam in the Realms of Sky. With a beautiful and vivid Tableau, realizing the interesting Legend of the magnificent Fairy Tale. In which Mr. Webb will attempt the character of

CLOWN, (after the manner of the celebrated) GRIMALDI!!!!

With two *new* favorite songs, and the Antipodean's dance on his head, on a pewter platter surrounded with fire-works.

"Characters and further particulars will be duly announced in the bills of the day. Tickets and places to be had at the Box Office, which on this occasion will be open two hours earlier.

'THERE WILL BE A MOON.'"

Webb's benefit was, unfortunately, a failure; the arrival of a caravan of Wombwell's "undomitable, untameable lions," having in those days, *as in these*, entirely destroyed the legitimate drama. The hero of the night had mortgaged the greater part of his benefit to his landlady; disgusted with the low state of the histrionic profession, and still more so at the lowness of his own funds, and possessing a soul above tinsel, "and a roving disposition," he took leave of the company with the oft-quoted lines,

"This parting's such sweet sorrow,
That I could say good-night till it be morrow."

And so he would have remained till the morning had he not been aware of the pressing demands of his landlady, butcher, baker, &c. Appropriating the full receipts of the night—one pound fourteen shillings and sixpence—before the witching hour of midnight, Webb was in a van on his road to London. Unfortunately, the first house the van stopped at to bait the horses, was a rendezvous for poachers, a small way-side hostel, on the verge of a large and well-preserved forest. Round a cheerful fire were assembled some half-dozen young men, drinking and talking as gaily as Robin Hood's "merry men." They courteously made way for the stranger. Webb soon found himself at home; he listened to their histories, for the liquor had made them most communicative, and remembering how the immortal bard had commenced life as a deer-stealer, he favored the company with the songs of "What shall he have that kills the deer?" and "The Somersetshire Poachers," and before morning came, had joined their gang.

We pass over his hair-breadth escapes, to the time of an accident which gained for him the sobriquet of "Hoppy." It was "on a shiny night," on a poaching expedition, that Webb found his leg—his GAME leg—in the same predicament as Mathew's Greenwich Pensioner found his; the only difference was, Webb was in a humane man-trap, the old sailor's in a plug, the result the same, "they neither could *muv* on." By this accident Webb was dreadfully mutilated; the owner of the preserve, feeling he had already been sufficiently punished, failed to prosecute. Hoppy, tired of rural pursuits, and disgusted with the proposed alteration of the game laws, which he declared must eventually drive every gemman out of the country, and put an end to "a bold p*h*easantry, a country's pride," bid adieu to his friends, and wended his way towards the Modern Babylon, to join some of the industrious classes of the metropolis.

London was now the theatre of his glory, and he soon became so great an adept in his profession as to reap a rich and plentiful harvest. His object in early life had been to "shine" as a "star" within the walls of a theatre: it was now to shine as one without, in the character of a "Link-boy." The times we write of were those when watchmen flourished, when the "New Police" were not even in prospective existence; when gas was unknown, and the darkness of the streets was just rendered "visible" by lamps "few and far between," emitting their dim and oily rays.

Webb, like Tony Lumpkin's pot companion, honest Master Muzzle, hated anything that was low, and always carried on his profession in the most genteelest of ways. We have only space for one of his exploits.

Lord Sparkleton was the oracle of London tailors; he had left Westminster a buck, and soon astonished Alma Mater with his pre-eminence in dandyism. He had just quitted college, and his ambition was to shine in London as a Roué. His lordship was one "of the penny wise and pound foolish" order; he would squander hundreds upon tailors, jewellers, horse-dealers, exercising the most penurious economy in other matters. A dashing figurante had attracted his attention, and every night of her performance his lordship might be seen in the stage-box "gazing his heart away." Hoppy Webb who, from his former professional avocations, had formed an acquaintance with the horde of supernumeraries attached to the theatre, was quite *au fait* with all the *quan quan* of the coulisses. Every evening he observed Lord Sparkleton's cab drawn up near the stage-door, and saw him descend, after taking off a most splendid cloak lined throughout with sable, giving his tiger strict injunctions to take especial care not to lose sight of it for a moment. Among many illustrations of his lordship's "penny-wise-ism," (and which rivalled the one of the celebrated author who, to save himself the sixpence charged for leaving his coat at the theatre, pawned it, and redeemed it after the performance for half that sum), we must mention the aversion he entertained of feeing the box-keepers for the care of his cloak;—"a shilling a night, nearly fifteen pounds a year! ridiculous!" he would exclaim. "No, no; what's the use of a cab and a servant if he can't take care of one's cloak?" Now Mr. Webb took a particular liking to this cloak, and set his wits at work to accomplish the consummation of his wishes. In vain did he try to get the young Cerberus from his seat by the tempting offer of a gallery ticket, and a promise that he would take care of the cab. The tiger's virtue was inflexible, and cunning produced that which bribery had failed in. One dark November night, the peer drove up, and hastily descended; Webb watched his opportunity (and whilst the guardian genii of the cloak, who, for security's sake, had placed it under him, half-awake and half-asleep, was thinking over the miseries of his condition,) quietly unbuckled the rein, and "*flaring-up*" (hence his *alias*) his torch in the horse's face, made him start off; the boy pulled the rein, as the link-boy exclaimed, "Why, some blackguard has taken the head-stall off. Wait till I've lit a gentleman across the street, and I'll help you." But the tiger, fearful of accident, sprung from the cab; Webb extinguished his light, it was the work of a moment, and whilst the boy was buckling his bridle, Webb had gained the long-sought prize. We will not describe the noble owner's rage, nor have we time to enumerate the many ingenious *ruses* employed by our hero in his daily avocations; the course of roguery, like that of true love, never did run smooth: Webb was marked by the Police; conviction followed conviction, until at last, for a robbery of the Prima Donna's jewels, as he assisted her into her carriage, Mr. Webb was sentenced to be transported for life. He had only anticipated eighty-four months, and bowing very profoundly to the Recorder, he politely inquired, "If he could not be favored with AN ADDITIONAL WEEK!" His last letter was very characteristic; we only give an extract, for in these days, when lives, biographies, autobiographies, memoirs, reminiscences, times, diaries, wanderings, pencillings, journals, personal sketches, narratives, correspondences, are sought with such avidity, we may be tempted to give the "Memoirs of Hoppy Webb, or Lights and Shadows of a Link-boy's Life."

"Heaven does with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for ourselves."—SHAKSPEARE.

But to our hero's letter, in which he said, "that he contemplated a trip to a remote colony, and should shortly embark in a ship that had been provided for him at the expense of the country. He took with him a letter of introduction from the Secretary at State, and was transported at the idea."

Poor Webb died on his passage out. Alas!

"The LIGHT of other days is faded."

[London Sporting Review for July, 1839.]

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* His Lordship's sale took place on the 30th, 31st of May, and the 1st of June, when, as expected, only the weeds were sold.

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

Wagner.—Our readers have already been informed that we have received a portrait of *Wagner*, to be engraved for this paper. In the picture he is represented as a horse of immense strength and size, but the head and neck are so light as to appear out of proportion. That it is a likeness, however, we are assured by several who have seen the horse, and in a recent letter from Louisiana, a correspondent thus speaks of it :—

"I perceive by the "Spirit" that you have received Wagner's portrait. I was present during the whole time that the artist was engaged upon it. It was commenced the very day *The Poney* was to have met him in the 4 mile race over the Metarie Course, but suffered him to walk over. It is considered by all of us who know the horse to be the best likeness we have seen. Your subscribers may rest assured, if the engraver be as successful as the painter, that they see Wagner when they get the print."

Leviathan.—It occurs to us to announce to our subscribers that the engraving of *Leviathan* is completed, and the plate gone into the hands of the printer. It must remain there, we suppose, about a month before we can get the required number of copies for our use. When it does come, the readers of the "Spirit" will see the handsomest picture we have yet issued.

New Race Tracks in Louisiana.—A letter from Donaldsonville informs us that the track which had been contemplated in that town will be completed in time for the Spring races. The purses to be run for there will be large, a good subscription having already been obtained, and the gentlemen in that section of the State are united in their wishes and their exertions to bring their course into high repute.

Another track has been prepared at Opelousas, La., to be called the *Belle View Course*, over which races will be run the coming season. On another page the reader will find an advertisement of some sweepstakes already opened for the Fall meeting. This course will be under the charge of Mr. A. C. ANTILL, a gentleman who has had much experience in such matters.

Autocrat.—The postscript to a letter from Fredericksburg, Va., contains the following query :—"Can Imported Autocrat be had to stand at the Mulberry Course, near Fredericksburg, next season? It is very much desired by breeders in that region." To this query and remark were annexed the signatures of Messrs. Charles Tayloe, John W. Coleman, Wm. McCargo, Wm. Duval, and G. Smith.

Master Henry.—"A Spectator" of the tip-top race made at Baltimore by this fine horse, thinks the letter-writers in the "Spirit" and "Turf Register" do not sufficiently estimate him. Our correspondent states that "Although he won the best three mile race on record he is hardly noticed by gentlemen writing on the subject." He further adds—"It was obvious he could have won the 2d heat, for he came to the last turn in that heat abreast of Wonder and Argyle and was ordered to pull back." Not exactly so, we believe ;—Master Henry was well up at the half mile post, not "abreast," and when they reached the head of the stretch, ("the last turn") Argyle was a length or more in front of Wonder, who was about the same distance ahead of Master Henry. It was not at all "obvious" to our mind that Master Henry could have won the heat, but still had he run it out, his time would have been very "low down in the forties." In any view of the race his was a very capital performance, and should not be overlooked.

On another page the reader will find the first number of "Reminiscences" of the last campaign, from the hand of an entirely new correspondent. He signs himself "Sneezer," and though he opens in the most sentimental strain, the reader will find matter for mirth ere he has done with him.

Zela.—The latest news from Alabama is, that this mare, better known as "the white-legged filly," has at last been sold to MILES A. BOTT & Co., for $4500. If the sale be consummated, she goes into the stable of HENRY A. TAYLOE, Esq.

Gander.—Rumor says that this fine horse, by Wild Bill, out of John Bascombe's dam, by Pacolet, has been purchased by RICHARD LONG, Esq., of Alabama. The terms have not transpired, nor are we absolutely certain of the sale.

Rodolph.—We have recently conversed with the owner of this horse, the former champion of Kentucky. Rodolph was last year afflicted with the disease termed "big head," and his owner has been pursuing a methodical course of treatment for the cure of it, the result of which will be highly useful to breeders. We sincerely hope it may prove successful, but that there may be no chance of error as to the radical cure, if the horse be cured at all, he will be thoroughly tested both in the stud and on the turf. With this view he is now in training again, and will make his appearance in the Autumn. The horse appears to be entirely rid of the disease, which has often hitherto been deemed incurable, and the few colts of his get give not the slightest indication of it When he shall consider the experiment as fairly tested, may we rely upon his owner for a minute report of the case for the benefit of the breeders of the country?

HENRY A. TAYLOE, Esq., claims the name of *Fanny Lewis* for a gr. f., foaled June 1839, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Crusher, and the name of *Giraffe* for a gr. c., foaled June 1838, by Robin Brown, dam by Crusher.

We hear that this gentleman's stable for the approaching Fall campaign will consist of *Zelina, Czarina, John Howard, Cinderella, Maria Miller, Huntsman*, and perhaps *Zela*. *Maria Black's* legs, her owner thinks, will not stand her present training.

There is a rumor afloat that VAN LEER is destined for Missouri again, to display his skill by beating *Bonny Black, Little Barton,* and others. Our readers may recollect how the horses which he before took out there for Mr. STEVENS came out of his hands to carry all before them. He may not find it so soft a place at present.

Kentucky Affairs.—A friend from Kentucky writes us as follows :—"Mr. J. KIRKMAN has lost his yearling (from gutts I think). He entertained high expectations from it—Mr. PINDELL's 2 yr. old Leviathan, *Cousin Jane* had the lock jaw, and if not dead already, must die. It was handled and slightly trained last spring and was very speedy, I am told that *Rodolph* is in training. *Hickory John,* after making a season, was put into Mr. PALMER's hands, but owing to some difficulty about terms will probably not be trained.—A great deal of money will be given here by the Association this fall, full as much as at any place north of New Orleans. I entertain confident expectations of seeing you at Louisville when the great event comes off.

Another letter from Kentucky discourses thus of the great stake :—"It appears to be reduced to a certainty that the following nags will start in the great race :—*Wagner, Grey Eagle, Billy Townes, Queen Mary, Hawk Eye,* and perhaps *Mary Vaughan.* I name them in the order in which they rank here as favorites in the betting."

Such Louisiana gentlemen as we have seen of late assure us that there can be no mistake about the result, if Wagner be but himself. One of them, however saw him as he came on, and though himself a shrewd judge, he did fancy the condition in which he found the champion of the South-western turf.

Our friends in Kentucky have again and again honored us with invitations to attend the next Louisville races. Nothing could afford us more pleasure, and could we reach that city in a reasonable time, when the Ohio is so low, we should certainly make our appearance. But the pressure of engagements nearer our sanctum usually forbids the anticipation of any such pleasure as a visit to the South.

In the list of subscribers to the Gold Stake at Lexington, Ky., the fifty-fifth nomination, as published in our advertising columns, was erroneous. The list was published as sent to us; but Mr. YOUNG desires that his nomination should read as follows :—

55. Thos. J. Young names the produce of Milly Lane by Thornton's Rattler and Frank.

The advertisement was drawn up in great haste, and the writing so illegible that it was with great difficulty we could decypher the manuscript. Gentlemen are not careful enough in writing proper names; and we are obliged to say to Mr. Y. himself, that we dare not undertake to publish the list he has furnished of his blood stock, on this very account, for fear of printing it wrong. Besides, the wafer which sealed his letter has taken away bodily the grand-dam of one of his best brood mares. A legible list will be published with pleasure; and we would again give notice that Subscribers to the "American Turf Register" and the "Spirit of the Times," can have the list of their stock published gratis in either publication.

The only Glencoe that has started, won the Western Stakes at Bath, beating a Priam, a Belshazzar, a Mulatto, and others.

Regatta.—We have just been informed that there are some hopes of getting up a Regatta this season by the Boat Clubs' Association on the most liberal scale. The plan suggested is to allow every Club or Association in the Union to come in and take their chance for the money or prize. This is the only true system, we are convinced, so far as the practical benefits to be derived from boating are considered apart from a mere fine exercise. Let everybody come in that desires to, under the simplest arrangements, and if the art of boat-building, and skill in "feathering the oar," be not improved rapidly, it will be because perfection has already been attained.

But if the Association open a Regatta on this scale, it is the business and duty of the public to sustain them; the merchants ought to put up the prizes, and a very moderate contribution on their part would furnish pieces of plate or sets of color, which would stir up every Club north of the Chesapeake to enter the lists. In this way may we count upon the most animated competition, and exhilarating sport.

TROTTING MATCH, AWFUL vs. AARON BURR.

On Monday last, a very closely contended match came off over the Centreville Trotting Course, Long Island, between these celebrated horses, for $1000 a side. It was performed in wagons weighing 250 lbs., the driver's weight (145 lbs. each), being extra. Notwithstanding Aaron Burr's having won two matches recently, and the fact of Awful's having been defeated twice by Dutchman, the latter was the favorite at 2 to 1. The betting was brisk, and there was a considerable number of spectators present.

The Race.—Aaron Burr drew the track; at the word "go" both went off at the top of their rate, and kept side and side for nearly half a mile, at a slapping pace; here Aaron broke up, and Awful won handily, in 5:26½.

Second heat; Awful took the lead and maintained it for nearly a mile and three-quarters, but on making the last turn on to the quarter-stretch, Aaron being well up, George gave him a touch with the whip and he broke; Hiram, who drove Aaron Burr, now exercised both his persuaders and his lungs; he soon locked Awful, and by keeping up an awful shouting to Aaron prevented Awful from "catching" his trot until the thing was out. Aaron won the heat in 5:31. Before Awful broke 100 to 1 was bet on him several times; his backers therefore looked rather blank at the result of the heat.

Third heat: Aaron now having the inside had a little the advantage; both horses made play from the start, but Aaron broke opposite the half-mile post, and Awful won cleverly, in 5:31—the time of the 2d heat.

Immediately after came off a trot, Mile heats, in which Polly Hopkins distanced the field. After going a few rods the field broke simultaneously; Hiram at once set to work and pushed his mare to the end, and shut out the whole party. Record :—

Centreville Trotting Course, L. I.—Monday, Aug. 5, 1839—Match $1000 a side, in wagons; weight 400lbs.—Two mile heats.

Isaac Anderson's b. g. *Awful* .... *Geo. Spicer*	1	2	1
Hiram Woodruff's b. g. *Aaron Burr*	2	1	2

Time 5:26½—5:31—5:31.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $50, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Hiram Woodruff's b. m. *Polly Hopkins*	1
Peter Wheelan's br. g. *Unknown*	dist.
Isaac Woodruff's b. g. *John Hancock*	dist.
H. Green's ch. m. *Yankee Maid*	dist.

Time 2:47.

REPLY TO "SNAFFLE," BY "D."

W. T. PORTER, Esq.—*Sir*—"D" has seen the notice taken of him by "Snaffle," and is happy the gentleman's surprise has elicited a letter from him, as it has furnished an article for your paper, and affords "D" an opportunity to explain his connection with those luckless Stakes which have induced "Snaffle" to place a Curb on "D."

Some time since in Nashville, two gentlemen called at "D's" room to shew him the new "*Trial Stakes*" sent from Alabama, and in doing so one of them remarked there was a condition embodied in them new, and, in his opinion, objectionable. To this the other assented, and asked my opinion. I agreed with them, but said I should sign them; when one of them proposed to draw up new Stakes on the same plan, and see if we could not bring about some compromise or get some general principle adopted on the subject. In the mean time a fourth gentleman joined us, a breeder of fine stock and bold Turfman,—"magnum bonum, too, as to means." He swore he would on no terms sign such a paper.

Under the circumstances, I drew up two subscriptions, and placed them in the hands of the President of the Club, at the request of those gentlemen, and with an understanding we should sustain them.

On my way to Carolina I saw some gentlemen who assured me of four nominations, but I declined receiving them till I should see what was done at Nashville.

Subsequently, two of the first named gentlemen became subscribers to the "*Alabama Trial Stakes,*" and as all are "as good as Nick Biddle," there is no fear they may be scratched by the Secretary.

"D" can have no wish but for the success of the Turf, and in all endeavours to promote its interest or elevate its character, none shall go farther than him.

"It is truly novel in 'D' (says bridle bit.) anonymously to attempt to supercede Stakes subscribed to by as many as thirteen gentlemen of the first respectability and standing, without appending the names of his four subscribers to his Stake, to vouch for its respectability. However, both Stakes may fill, and persons of both opinions may be suited. The Alabama Stakes will fill, and those who contend for principles of honor *sans* cash, can patronise the other Stakes. I object to no man's classifying himself."

Amen. "Snaffle" too shall have the right to choose his class; and if he inclines to cash without honor, his name will not be found among the signers of the Alabama Stakes;—and as he kindly leaves me to choose for myself, I must decline belonging to either of his classes.

"D" hopes the time has not, will not come, when a Stake proposed by him will require either 4 or 13 subscribers to endorse its respectability; and that no man or Stake requiring such endorsers, may be ever found at the board of the Nashville Jockey Club.

D.....

Extract of a letter dated WINCHESTER, 1st Aug. 1839.

Dear Sir—I beg leave to inform you, that the bones of the celebrated and much lamented Stallion, *Industry*, have been presented by Mr. HECTOR BELL to Dr. H. H. McGuire of this place, who intends to forward them in a short time to Philadelphia, to be put together and placed by the side of his illustrious sire, *Sir Archy*, and his half brother, *Sir Charles*, in the Museum of that city. The final disposition of the remains of this horse, should be recorded both in the "*Spirit*" and the "*Turf Register*.".

OAKLAND TIME ACCOUNTED FOR.

KENTUCKY, July 29th, 1839.

MR. PORTER—Sir—I have just read in the Spirit of the Times of the 20th inst, the communication of '*Loudon*,' which for good sense, good English, and bold, but temperate, and gentlemanly discussion of questions relating to the Turf, is worthy of all commendation. What I particularly admire, is the freedom with which he speaks out upon the *failure* of some of our hitherto popular stallions. Our writers and editors, it would seem, have considered this a prohibited topic, or one, if approached at all, to be merely squinted at, but by no means to be handled. The *success* of a stallion may be blazoned forth in the most extravagant terms; but to publish a plain and veritable notice of his *failure*, is regarded as an invidious meddling with other people's concerns; and ten to one the writer is charged with being influenced by improper or sinister motives. The time will come when the character of public stallions will be considered public property, in which the world has a large interest, and has a perfect right to the earliest information as to the probable value of that interest. The owners of stallions will take care that due notice is published of their success; let the friends of the turf then proclaim all failures as soon as they are ascertained, and thereby prevent the mischievous consequences from being extended to the whole circle of the States.

The astonishingly quick time recently made, or reported to be made, over the Oakland, Kendall, and other courses, has been variously treated of in your paper. It is not surprising that gentlemen should doubt these extraordinary performances; and rather than believe that so many prodigies have sprung up all at once, insist that there must be some mistake in the time, the watches, or the courses, or in all three. It is amusing to see the raillery indulged in by some gentlemen, at the expense of "Kentucky Chronometers" and "Race Course Geometry." But notwithstanding all this incredulity and wit, I still think that the wonderful time reported to be made at the Oakland Course at least, may be satisfactorily accounted for, without supposing the timers incompetent, the watches slow, or the track too short. Indeed I know some of the watches used were as good as can be made in London, and were moreover held by experienced timers; and we are bound to consider the Oakland Course a full mile, or reject all human testimony.

In reply then to the inquiry "what is the secret of this acknowledged and sudden improvement effected in the speed of the racer?" I would say it is attributable mainly, if not entirely, to the great improvement of race-courses, and not, probably, to any greater ability in race-horses or trainers. I shall endeavor to make this appear, so far as the Kentucky Turf is concerned, as with that alone I am familiar. The three principal courses here, are the Louisville, Lexington, and Maysville. The same horses in the hands of the same trainers attend all these courses. The Maysville is laid out in the form generally approved, viz., with two equal stretches and two equal curves. The ground is somewhat sandy, but the track is level and safe. Our best horses ran there last Spring, making fair time, 1m. 52s., 3m. 54s., &c. These horses and others from the same stables, met at Lexington two weeks afterwards, and made rather better time, but no better than has been frequently made in times past, 1m. 50s., 3m. 50s., and 5m. 53s. The Lexington Course is shaped like the Maysville, has one rather long ascent, is uniformly ploughed a week or two before the races, and is always soft when run upon. Two weeks intervene between the commencements of the Lexington and Louisville meetings. The same horses appear at the latter place, and make the *time* that occasions so much wit and wonderment. Here, then, we have the same horses, with the same trainers, making, by the same watches in the same hands, moderate time at Maysville, good time at Lexington, and incredibly quick time at Louisville. Now can this be accounted for in any other way than by supposing a superiority of Course, for making time.

Lot us examine what this superiority consists in. The ground over which the Course passes is gently undulating, a circumstance in itself favorable for time. The shape of the track is triangular, with two of the corners or turns (one at each end of the main stretch) very sharp and sudden; and the third one so easy as not to impede the action of the horse. And even at the short turns the track is so raised on the outer part, that the inward inclination of the ground is about equal to the horse's inclination in making the turn, and consequently the stroke of the foot is right, at all times, and the turn may be made at full speed, without the horse's running wide. Altogether the Oakland Course affords more straight or nearly straight running, than any other, that I I have seen; the turns occurring at about the proper intervals to afford the occasional respites so necessary to the good performance of the race horse. But what contributes most of all to quick time at Louisville, especially in short races, is the uniform firmness, indeed I may say, hardness of the Course. The soil is a close clay without any admixture of sand, and it has not been ploughed since the present Proprietor purchased it. You may be sure then, *it is hard*, maugre the frequent scratchings of the Harrow. On such a course, a race horse must go fast, as long as his feet and legs serve him. One and two miles are run in wonderfully quick time. The time of the three and four mile races, has not been extraordinary; perhaps for the reason, that, no horse can endure the jarring and jolting of such a track, throughout a race of four miles. Of six or eight horses that started for the four mile purse, Spring Meeting, '38, it is believed that scarcely one escaped serious injury. Last Spring, Musedora won 4 miles, but sprung a tendon in doing it; Tarlton broke down completely; and Mercer fared somewhat better, only losing the frogs of his feet, by the race.

The Harrow and scraper may serve to prepare a sandy Course; but Col. Oliver may be assured, that the Oakland can never be made safe for race-horses to run upon, without the use of the *Plough*. The noble animal that makes our sport on the Turf, should be put to no unnecessary torture. Sensible and humane gentlemen, will consider that Race-Course best, where horses may run in respectable time, with little risk of injury; not *that*, where extra quick time is made, at the cost of ruptured tendons and bruised heels. *Time* is becoming too exclusively the object with race-horse, and race-course owners. They forget that though this is one of the criteria by which the race horse is to be judged, it is not the only one, nor the best one. In a future communication I may discuss the question of *time the test of the Race horse.*

Yours, B. C.

EXTRACT FROM THE LETTER OF A MARYLAND TURFMAN.

I have recently visited the harem of *Emancipation*, at Mr. HECTOR BELL's farm, at Winchester, Va., and was pleased to find he had made what I should call a good season, (eighty mares) although Mr. Bell thinks he ought to have done much better, from the number old *Industry* used to get—from 120 to 140. Emancipation has had some very fine mares this season, amongst which, I saw Flirtilla, Jun., Slender, by Industry, out of Louisa Simmes, Jemima Wilkinson, Betsey Goode, by Tonson, out of Field's Calypso, Mary Granville, the dam of Henry Archie, the dam of Wonder, Mr. Shepherd's imported Catton mare, the Maid of the Neck, old Floretta, the full sister of Collier, (blind,) Mr. Burwell's old Crop Mare, Ann Page, Louisa Lee, Nancy Marlborough, Betsy Andrew, and many other fine mares I was not acquainted with. From the above selection we may expect something extra, in four years from this time.

I also saw some very fine colts; I will place them as I thought them best, but Mr. Bell and myself differed as to one: 1st, Slender's colt by Imp. Priam, Flirtilla's by ditto, Betsy Goode's by Drone, Ann Page's by Priam, Jemima Wilkinson's by Priam, the old Catton Mare's by St. Nicholas, Jun., a colt by St. Leger out of a Bay Mare, by Tonson, belonging to Col. HETH, and many other good looking colts, but these were extra fine. Mr. Bell thinks the Drone colt the finest, but the two first named, belonging to Mr. JAMES LONG and Mr. BELL, are two of the finest colts I have seen, according to my judgment.

This is the best place for a Stallion I have ever seen. Mr. Bell's whole attention, with the aid of three valuable men, is taken up, attending to the mares and colts. He has 200 acres or more of excellent pasture divided into lots, and if mares are sent to him, in tolerable order, they cannot help going home fat. In fact, they are often sent home too fat.

REMINISCENCES OF THE SPRING CAMPAIGN OF 1839.

NUMBER I.

Is there not something truly delightful in a fine cigar? I have just been giving the odour of one to as sweet a breeze as ever fanned a summer's day, and so dreamy was the rapture of the repose it shed over me, that, forgetful of the present, I was indulging in the brightest visions of the imagination.

What a fairy land is the imagination! How gorgeous its palaces—how countless its treasures—how bright and beautiful the divinities we place therein. It is indeed a delightful spot, for without cost, we decorate it with all the embellishments of fancy, call before us only friends that are dear; visit with them the gayest scenes of pleasure; or else, with some favorite fair one for a companion, ramble through lonely and shaded walks, breathing words of love, and receiving vows of constancy in exchange, which perhaps are never to be realized but in *imagination*. Still there is a dreamy rapture in the creation of such scenes, though we may be destined never to play a part in them; as there also is, in revisiting others, which are now only known as things that once were. And so thinking, I was walking just at the soft hour of sunset with as pretty a girl, as *you*, Mr. Editor, would wish to see, and I presume from several expressions you have dropped relative to trout-fishing, that you are a gentleman of taste: and not only was she pretty, but also gentle and confiding, and so unacquainted with the world, that all was bright before her, and she believed it to be what it seemed. To such a being I was sketching scenes of future happiness, and persuading her to divide the cares of life with me—and had also just pressed her hand so gently as to leave her in doubt whether I intended it or not, when she raised her beautiful face to——

And my servant interrupted me with—"Master, what shall I do with the mares and colts to-day?"

"Are the mules in the pasture?"

"No sir, but they are going to turn them in directly."

"Then bring them here, I want to see them; does the Rowton grow?"

"Yes sir, very fast."

The Rowton is indeed a splendid filly, and forthwith I entered her in the Hampton Stake, and to the manifest injustice of an untried three year-old Chateau and two splendid Cimon's now a year old, one of which is to win the great Produce Stake at Fredericksburg, in 1841, I caused the Rowton and a Sarpedon, both dropped this spring, to grow up at once, and placed them in training at three years old. They have fine action, and judging from their private trials (in imagination only, Mr. Editor,) are *very* promising, though it is difficult to say at *this time* whether or no the Rowton will win the Hampton Stake, because it has not yet closed.

In running these private trials, in imagination, I was comparing them with races I had really witnessed this spring, and thinking it probable that every body did not see even the *same* race as I did, I thought for my own amusement I would write out my reminiscences of those I attended—the truth is I am at this moment in bad spirits, have the *blues* most horribly, and though it is not yet 10 o'clock, have taken two *cocktails*, and am not yet *waked up*; so I resort to my pen, which wins me from thought, when nothing else will. Besides this my *real* reason, I have a crow to pick with you Mr. Editor. Several of my friends have told me that you are a good fellow, but I don't believe a word of it, else you would never treat me as you do—I have received for a month or two past, only about one paper in three—now, if your list increases so fast as to keep you short of papers, do not leave me out so often, turn and turn about would be fair play, or would it not be better to pass over for a time some itinerant gentleman who visits all the races, than one, who, far in the country, derives information of events at a distance, only through the medium of your valuable paper. Now, keep cool, do not be offended at this straight rub, for I am the one who have cause to be angry, and am indeed, as much as Tom Tucker, for I ought to have received an account of a race yesterday in which I was much interested. But I forgive you, upon consideration, that you tell your foreman, if he neglects me again, you will *haul him over the coals*.

Well now for reminiscences. The Spring Campaign opened in the Old Dominion, early in April, near Belfield, at the well known Race Course of our mutual friend Dr. George Goodwyn, when were present, the following stables, Hare's, Newsome's, Carter's, Duncanson's, White's, Heth's, Towne's, and Maclin's, with very many promising young things just then entering into the most *stirring* period of their lives. Among those, deemed at that time, most likely to win for themselves proud names, as well as for their owners a golden harvest, were named,

Dr. Lewis' colt *Norfolk*, by Fylde, out of Polly Peachem.
Col. Hampton's *Kate Seyton*.
Townes' filly by Chateaux, out of Polly Kennedy.
Maclin's *Cameo* by Tranby, dam by Holliman's Buzzard, and
Capt. Newsome's b. c. by Chateaux, dam by Marquis.

These were then the favourites, for they were all moving finely, and most of them had heavy engagements on hand. There were also present many other young things of pure and noble blood, who, relying not upon the proud achievements of their ancestors, had to carve out their own fortunes, and enrol themselves by their own noble deeds on the scroll of fame. The races here, coming off first in the Spring, it is here that competitors for fame generally first enter the arena, a ground hallowed in olden time by the remembrance of as many well-tried contests as have been decided on any other course in the Union. Here, maiden fillies first decide whether they will campaign it, amid the joyous and happy throng who follow their steps, as a lover his mistress, or seek ignoble ease in the shades of private life. Here, also, the proud coursers of the other sex enter a contest the most important in the page of their history, *a race against time*—for admission into the company of that gallant band, who visit the gayest haunts of pleasure, tread the lawn, if required, with measured step, move at their master's bidding with the wings of the wind; or else, with two *stone* less weight, amble through life, content with the society of their own immediate neighbourhood. Here, indeed, the finest colts of the Old Dominion, and our sister State, North Carolina, first make their *congé*, first catch that inspiration which makes them proudly arch their necks, and stately move with elastic step, eager for conquest. Here, the Turf was first graced with Arietta, Cimon, Catherine Davis, Mary Blunt, Nancy Blunt, Rhoda King, Josephus, and the Queen, *cum multis aliis*, whose fame is recorded in the archives of "The Spirit."

But apart from horses, the Landlord is a good fellow, and good fellows, you know, are not to be met with every day; so, Mr. Editor, if you should ever pass this way, and have a day to spare, call and fish, or shoot with me; or stop and see Dr. George, and hear him spin a yarn,—and also bear in mind that no man was ever thirsty, and he gave him not drink, or hungry and he fed him not—and withal, there is a sort of idiosyncrasy about Dr. George that amuses much. Some short time previous to the Spring campaign, in company with a friend, I was looking over "the Spirit," and saw that the creative talent of some correspondent had called into existence a name, which had all the charm of novelty—"Betsy Chickencock". Upon reading it, "I will bet a bottle of champaign," said I to my friend, "that Dr. George Goodwyn claims this name as a special godsend for some favourite filly. "Done," said he, "I don't think so."

We were then some thirty miles off, and the circumstance afterwards was forgotten; but upon arriving at Belfield, the first morning of the race, I walked up to a small crowd to shake hands with friends and hear the state of the odds, or rather find out the *points*. "Well, George," said I, "who wins to-day?"

"I do," said he.

"What with?"

"Betsy Chickencock."—So I won the champaign, and now let us see if George predicted right as regards the race:

The first race which came off was a sweepstake for 3 yrs. old, to which there were some six or seven entries, only three of which appeared at the post.

Gen. M. T. Hawkins' *ch. c. Panic*, by Eclipse out of Aggy Up, by Timoleon.
Dr. George Goodwyn's *ch. f. Betsey Chickencock*, by Tonson, dam by Archie.
Capt. C. Stith's *ch. f.* by Eclipse, dam by Shylock.

Dr. George was sanguine, and before starting, Betsy was all the rage. The beauty of her name, I know of nothing else, created a perfect mania in her favour, and the way the knowing ones forked up the rhino on her at long odds, to a man who works hard for his money, was perfectly alarming. But Panic was owned by a Democrat, and the Loco Focos thought it their duty to back him. So, waiting until the odds were large and long, they added their mites together—you know they have but little—and the way they piled it up, until it stood in a large heap, was really distressing.

Capt Stith's filly had been blistered for the curb, and was suffering at the time, so she was regarded as out of the question, but I overheard her trainer tell her rider "to lay low and keep dark, and *prehaps* he would make Betsy squat, if he didn't, he would make Panic see sights."

The three having now been led up and down the Quarter Stretch for some time, the horn sounded *to saddle;* which being done, the horses were given some whiskey and water, (the boys looked as if they wanted some) and I could not but think, from the expression of Betsy Chickencock's face, when forced to take it, that a lump of dough or crumb of bread would have been far more acceptable to her palate. However, she soon shook off her ill humour, and by *clucking*, her rider brought her to the Post in time with the others to be off. And how they did curl it! The rush from the stand was so severe, that at first I could not discover their relative positions; but before they had finished the first quarter, I marked them out: Betsy was a-head, streaking it as if there was a rooster after her; Panic second, and running as if as much frightened as his name imports, while the Eclipse brought up the rear, following close on, determined to make Betsy *squat*, or Panic *see sights*, and o for three quarters they spun it off. They turned into the quarter stretch, the last reach home; inducements were offered them to hurry on, that is, they were gouged until crimson drops exuded from their flanks, and timbered according*ly*, and now Betsy has it, now Panic, now Betsy, the Eclipse still up. Just at this moment, Panic, by a sudden move let out an extra link, and reached the goal—when a small Loco Foco who was near, with white hat and sallow face, and subject as I afterwards learned to the fever and ague every third day, addressed himself to me, and said "now was'nt that a *fair sight?*

"What?" said I.

Did'nt you see how the old horse (only three years old) shot ahead of the hairy hen."

"He laid her out, cold as a whetstone," I replied, "but why did you call it a *fair sight?*"

"Because sister Sal has a Sapsucker, and she says it's a Sucksapper, and eats dough, and it does, and when it moves, it goes it with a jerk, and she says its a *fair sight*, and you know, sister Sal knows what a *fair sight* is!"

"I reckon she does," said I, "let's go and see what was the time"—1:56—a hard heat was'nt it?"

The backers of Betsy were now quiet as lambs, while the Loco boys became a little noisy, and having a horse in the stable, that is having won a heat, made a show of liberality and told the landlord to set out his apple-jack, and d—— the expense—and the setting it out, was not the only part of the ceremony. "Come you chickencock boys, come up and take a little," said a genuine old Loco, "and don't be so down about it, 'twill happen so, long at first, did you never notice it"—then turning to me, said in a whisper, "you hold the stakes don't you?"

"Yes," said I.

"New notes."

"Yes."

"Borrowed on a *negotiable;* bless your soul that is the reason they hate it so, but 'twill be so 'long at first, I have often noticed it."

The nags having now cooled out, were off for the second heat, which was a mere repetition of the first—Panic winning the race and giving the backers of Betsy a tolerably *tall fall*—There was an evident want of judgment in their backing her, for while she was picked clean in some parts of her body, she had scarcely shed a feather in other parts, thereby showing her very bad condition. Time 1.57½.

Well now what think you of that race! smart race was'nt it! smart reminiscences too? so let us see how much we can recollect of the second day's race—and also bear in mind, that unless I receive "The Spirit" henceforth regularly, I will forthwith swallow at least half a gallon of the waters of Lethe—you know the consequence of that—so give me "The Spirit" in preference.

The second day's race was for the proprietor's purse, $200—two mile heats, entrance $15—weights the same as on the Newmarket course. To this there were eight entries

Capt. George Newsome's *Fleta*, by Sarpedon.
Towne's and Williamson's *Brocklesby*, by Luzborough.
Mr. H. Hartwell's *Multiflora*, by Eclipse.
Dr. George Goodwyn's *Bull Tiger*, by Luzborough.
Mr. John P. White's *Swayback*, by Luzborough.
Major Riduy's *Sally John*, by Andrew.
Dr. Scott's *ch. f.* by Luzborough, and
O. P. Hare's *Whig*, alias *Dinwiddie*, alias —— by Andrew.

Second day—half-past 12 o'clock.—Just previous to going to the track, Dr George told me he had some good porter;—didn't like to take his word for it, so called for a bottle and tried it; found it good as represented, and thought it a bright idea always to take a little before a long walk in the hot sun. Went to the track, and found that it did not taste bad to take a little *after* a long walk in the hot sun. Saw the track thronged with horses—the Bull Tiger *cavorting* in a very *hornyriferous* manner, while many of the others assumed very fanciful attitudes. A few moments passed, the horn sounded to saddle, and eight nags were stripped, all save Fleta as fine as satin, of which the Bull Tiger, from his ferocious appearance, had decidedly the *call*, for few thought that any of the others could be made to approach so ravenous an animal. Still, Swayback had his friends, probably from the circumstance that nature acknowledging the universal truth, that a curve line is prettier than a straight one, scooped him out on top, and shaped him differently from any other horse I ever saw.—"There must be Hell in that horse," said several, "else sure his owner would never have entered him,"—and with this *good reason* for his running, and their sober judgment that no horse of his appearance could run, they exhibited their pocket-books, from the clean morocco to the dirty leathern purse; and while on one side you saw fluttering in the wind a *rearing horse* (did you never observe that the one hundred dollar issues of some Banks are stamped with a rearing horse?) on the other, you would see a fellow slap down half a dollar, "cover that if you dare, that Bull Tiger beats Swayback." Brocklesby having won several races, and being withal a horse of fine size, had a few friends, who, in a quiet way, forked it out freely. Greensville was believed to be democratic, consequently none thought that Mr. Hare's entry of a "Whig" could possibly win in that county—so he had but one *backer*, the boy that rode him. The Luzborough filly and Sally John were each quiet and lady-like, and walked about attracting attention, but making little noise. Multiflora (I had like to have forgotten her), had fine size, and probably would have been a favourite, at least among the beaux who are fond of nosegays, but it being very early in the Spring, and our having had several severe frosts about that time, many of us thought that she must be *backward*. And last was Fleta, very delicate, and in such bad condition that her friends thought it impossible she should win; and it was also observed that whenever her groom, in walking, led her near the *Bull Tiger*, she shied off, so, timid creature, none were found to back her; no, not one,—and it is ever thus, timidity and merit pass unnoticed, while bold confidence sweeps all before it.

The horn again sounds, all hearts thrill with pleasure at its joyous note; with riders up, the horses are led to the stand, and at the word *Go*, all hurry away. The Tiger is with them, this drives them on: hemmed in between the railings, there is no hope but in flight, and away they go like the fleeting shadows of summer clouds, they sweep along, and the clatter of hoofs dies away in the distance. I now discovered that the *crooked* Luzborough was ahead, moving to all intents and purposes with a perfect *swayback;* while the Bull Tiger followed close at his heels, still ferocious in appearance, and apparently undetermined whether he would devour him or not; the rest well up, and so they come. Like the roar of artillery is now the tread of their feet,—they near the stand, they pass it, and again are gone on their wild career. The Bull Tiger is now up with Swayback, but does not seize him; either thinks he can do better, or else fears that should he mount him to eat his haunches (as a tiger would), he would slip forward, sure as falling off a log: he therefore passes him, and all drive on. Brocklesby being now goaded to desperation by the armed heel, could stand it no longer, but determined boldly to collar the Tiger; so he approached him, saw that he was *high*, had been well fed; this gave him some consolation. I am large, thought also Brocklesby to himself, a cherry that will require two bites, should I ever get ahead and he seek to devour me: so making a show of great boldness, he strided forward and peeped in the Tiger's face; but the expression of the Tiger's eye Brocklesby did not like, his resolution failed him, and he dropped back in a line with the Tiger, watching him closely, nor whip nor spur could drive him forward. So passed they the goal, making a dead heat; and in good time, 3:54.

The Bull Tiger being now safely deposited in Van Amburg's hands (a son of the old man's), I ventured abroad to examine this dreaded monster of the woods; and there he stood in all the beauty of symmetry, evidently much vexed that he had had his race for *nothing*, and fully determined to renew the contest for his *meal*. I then passed on to the others, and met several friends of Swayback, one of whom had turned loose a *C.* from him and his heirs forever. "*Sway* would have won it," said another, "but I think his saddle slipped."

"Slip, the devil," retorted the loser, "did you ever know anything to slip up hill?"

"No; I can't say I ever did."

"Then Swayback's saddle will never slip in this world. Slip, indeed!—its a great piece of extravagance in his owner ever to buy a girth for him; for put the saddle there, and its there, it requires no fastening,—damn that Bull Tiger."

Next came Multiflora; the sap was flowing finely, and her owner thought she would *come out*, but I much doubted whether she would even *bud*, in a second heat.

Then Whig, who, to his owner's surprise, had not made as good a race as he expected: not very surprising just in this region of country, for I have not known one this spring that did.

Then Fleta, who being out of the Tiger's reach, was quiet and docile as a little lamb, and walked apart, as if sick and weary of a crowd, she was contrasting her then situation with the time when, free from all restraint, she browsed or roamed at will, in the shade of some rural glen.

And last, the Luzborough filly, and Sally John, which to my great regret I learned had been declared distanced, and regretted it the more, being satisfied in my own mind that it arose not from want of speed or bottom, but from *pure fright*. Mares, you know, have in battle often fainted at the firing of cannon; then why wonder that fillies should fear to approach a Bull Tiger.—Moral to be drawn from this: whenever you run a filly with a Bull Tiger, try and give her the start, and *fright* will keep her ahead.

2nd. Heat.—The horn sounds, the horses prick their ears, become restless, are saddled and led to the stand.—Go.—They dash away. Fleta takes the lead. The Tiger has his fill if he catches her. He pursues,—she flies; they all sweep on; Fleta like the bounding roe, the rest, a pack, scarce can follow at her heels. They circle round near the stand, pass by, and again are gone. They strive, they drive; she heeds them not: confident in herself, she pursues the even tenor of her way, and knows they are with her but by the pattering of their hoofs behind. So comes she home.

The Bull Tiger now begins to think if he catches his food he will rest before he eats it. Swayback's friends have taken to hard drink, and Multiflora still shows sap enough, but no flower. I knew she would be backward.

3d Heat.—They are again at the stand, and away they go. Fleta leads the dance with a merry step, and returns home in 3:54, over a heavy track, it being the best third heat ever run over it.

This heat being over, the Bull Tiger, I think, would lay cheek-by-jowl with the fastest horse in the stable, and not devour him. Multiflora only shows a sufficiency of sap; it was thought by some she would bloom in a 4th heat, but I did not until some time in May. So much for the 2d day's race.

For the Club Dr. George entered *Tiger Tail*, and in the last day's race he entered the *Royal Tiger*, whose performances ought to be preserved, but for the present I am rather *dry*, so join me in something to Dr. George and his menagerie. Yours, &c. SNEEZER.

Petersburg, Va., July, 1839.

News from England.—We would not that the reader should suppose that we have any later news from abroad. Our purpose is to apprise him of what may be expected next week, by the Liverpool. In the first place, Wallack will come home in the Liverpool, and a power of theatrical people with him; but that is of small account. By the Liverpool we shall receive the returns of the Newmarket July Meeting, and of the Goodwood and Liverpool Meetings.—They are all very interesting, and the sportsman may look for good store of entertainment. The "British Queen," which left us on the 1st, did not bring us our usual files of papers, and we have been dependent principally upon Mr. GILPIN, of the Exchange News Room, for such papers as we have hitherto made use of. But what a pity it is that these great steamers should not come in every week; so far as our personal convenience is concerned, they had better not come at all, than slip in once a month, bringing three weeks' later news, and spoiling the receipts by all the packets for as many weeks. But such are the miseries of a poor Editor's life!!

A SPORTING LETTER FROM MISSISSIPPI,

Wherein something is said about the town of Tchula, Field Sporting, Bear Hunting, a Bran Dance, &c. &c.

TCHULA, July 10, 1839.

To the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times."

However friendly you may be to Mississippi, and however much you may desire the restoration of the palmy days of her former prosperity, I can scarcely hope that a letter from a remote undistinguished town on the borders of the "Great Little Yazoo" will receive your first attention or find its way into the columns of your superior paper; yet I cannot resist the penchant I have to tell you how things look in Mississippi, and speak of the many wild amusements which make our wilderness and swampy country as engaging to the true sportsman as any of the "tip-top loftical" fetes that succeed each other in quick succession on sea and land contiguous to New York.

To borrow the style of those who write for the "Mirror," we are now far into the depth of July, and never, within the memory of man, has there been a more bright, beautiful, and glorious prospect for the planter than is now to be seen from the centre to all the extremities of our State. Our people have greatly economised during the past year, and next Spring will hail a round and healthy currency and good times in Mississippi.

The little town of Tchula is made up of rare boys, and they make the best possible use of nature's high endowments. It is now midsummer—navigation is suspended, and the silence of the wild-wood is broken only by the crack of the rifle, the roar of the shotgun, the yell of the pack and the dying splashes of countless fish. Our population makes a family of seventeen gentlemen, twenty-five negroes, and two ladies, to keep up civilization. We form a bachelor population, and every one of us is skilled in the loftier attributes of dignified loafing. Being acclimated, we are proof against frog ponds and rank swamps, and can revel amid a cloud of musquitoes or an acre of snakes. The way we go it among ourselves is every way compatible with the dignity of a gentleman and the flourishing excitement of a city circle. A bad currency and hard times have forced our citizens to remain in Tchula for two years, and knowing "it is vain to kick after you have once put on fetters," we have become reconciled, and converted the waste into a paradise of fun and joy.

Our amusements are made up of all the varieties incident to healthy and manly sport. We can raise a "lark" by common consent of the town without parade or ceremony. We can stand upon our town bridge and blow daylight through a catalogue of fish, while we fell the bounding deer on the opposite side of the river. It is a rich treat to go upon the bridge and see the capital shots made to the death and disturbance of the fish family. Every man has his own particular gun, and every shot is followed by the audible shrieking of a dying alligator, or the terrible commotion produced by an immense cat or an overgrown buffaloe floundering in the agonies of sudden death. So thick are the fish that you can follow the banks and secure a whopper with every pitch of a gig. A party of five went out a few nights since, lighted by pine knots, and in the short space of two hours gigged eleven barrels. Let no man sneer and cry "fish story," for "of such" is the waters of Yazoo. At midday the surface of the river in front of the town, is fairly black with fish baring their backs to the rays of a scorching sun. There is a lake in the rear of the town which is covered in the fall and winter with ducks, geese, and crane. Enough of either of these can be secured for our whole population by a single shotgun in a few hours. So plentiful is the game that we scarcely ever invade the peace and propagation of our cattle and hogs. Turkies are very abundant and easily taken; the Sand-hill crane, a large and excellent bird, is also common. The proud eagle is frequently seen, but we are too much Americans to destroy them—the majestic emblem of our Nation should ever soar free from danger, and be an object of the loftiest pride to our countrymen. The partridge and squirrel are seldom hunted; for why disturb the proud covey and nut-loving family when on every side you may bleed the fallow deer and stop the invading and destroying march of that fatter, bigger and sweeter Doge of our forest, called the bear?

Perhaps you would like to know something of a *Mississippi Bear Hunt*, or in more significant phrase, of a *Tchula Bear Hunt*—for Tchula is after all a conspicuous place—she rolls out twelve thousand bales of cotton and is located just in front of the richest Island in the Mississippi valley; I mean Honey Island, the same place where Hon. FRANKLIN E. PLUMMER, ox-driver and ex-member of Congress, distinguished himself by breaking wild bulls and fattening on bear oil. Well, speaking of the bear hunt, we can while away a few tedious hours with refreshed energies by crossing the river to Honey Island and starting a pack of fight-fast and hold-on dogs. A few days since all the town and half a dozen visitors joined such a chase. Early after breakfast arrangements for the hunt commenced. Here you might see one grinding his rusty Bowie knife, there another cleaning out an enormous yager, some casting balls, others adjusting buckskin apparel, while the experienced hunter stood calmly by, eyeing with roguish glance the various preparations and laughing at the ardour of the various parties. The group was rather a motley one—there was the dandy Northern Doctor, who having no men to kill, was determined to stick to his profession and murder Bruin—there the lawyer with a quick hand and steady eye—there the merchant brandishing his murderous cane-knife and telling how he would plunge it into the woolly sides—but I spare you the balance of the description, and proceed to the scene of action, accompanied by all the town dogs, of whatever name and race, from the surly bull to the curled and essenced spaniel.

Arrived at the edge of the cane brake, we dismount, secure our horses, inspect our arms, and plunge into the dense mass of long stiff naked cane stalks, so thick that you can hardly run your arm up to the elbow into it. Imagine the dismay of the tyro in this sport! but all were too far committed to "play crawfish," and at it they went, every one "carving out his own road." Soon is heard the full burst of discordant notes from the mongrel pack. "He's up! he's up! follow who can, and devil take the hindmost." Away they ran, and the sport began to be devilish hot work. "Wait for me," cries one who happened to be behind. "Wait!—the devil! do you suppose I'm going to be left in this infernal wilderness waiting for you." "O! hell!" cries another, "there's a cane stalk an inch into my leg!" "Agh! agh! cut that damned vine off my throat or I shall die before my time." "There he is, boys! the dogs have him at bay. Now for it." All rushed up, eager for the fray,—when lo and behold our ill-trained pack had started *a cow*, and, but for our timely arrival, would have soon pulled her down.

After a few moments rest, and a long pull from the canteen which hung from the side of each hunter, the dogs were again cast out, and we followed with footsteps somewhat dispirited from our late disappointment. Very soon there was another burst from the dogs, and off we put. This time 'twas no false alarm, and after running for about two miles through the cane, we (that is, the writer and a black negro, yclept Tony,) came upon him, seated on his broad back-side, or end, standing at least five feet, and brandishing his huge paws with a look which seemed to say "come on, boys, and if I don't give you a bellyfull then eat me." I sprang upon the trunk of a prostrate tree, and smack into my eye ran the end of a fallen cane stalk. Bang went Tony's gun, and away went Bruin, with the whole pack at his tail, right around into the trail by which we had approached. "Here he comes!" shrieked a frightened voice, *sauve qui peut* was the word, and down went the guns of the two foremost, and they broke for a sapling. Bruin, mortally wounded, sprang over a boy, and fell dead, with the whole party, dogs and all, on the top of him. Shouts, long and loud, proclaimed our victory. One more long pull from the canteen, and then to devise ways and means to get his unwieldy carcass to our horses. "Skin him and cut him into six one hundred pound pieces and carry them on our shoulders, was the order of the day." In the plain road any man could easily carry one hundred pounds, but where every step is impeded by the cane it is no joke; however, after many long rests, we reached our horses. I made my injured eye an excuse to avoid my share of the carrying trade. We reached home just at night, and over a delicious steak from his fat rump, and a dozen of choice Madeira, we fought our battle o'er again. Thus it is with the Tchula boys in a bear hunt.

The bear is very numerous on Honey Island, and it is with difficulty that corn sufficient to supply the plantations can be raised. They have been known to destroy a field of fifty acres in two or three nights. They have great system in their invasions upon our corn fields. They cut down about half an acre and gather it together in a pile, when they seat themselves and eat at their leisure. Their system and sagacity can only be equalled by the revenge we take out of their corn-fed hides before they retire to winter quarters. They are equally destructive on our hogs; when hungry they will master our largest grunters with the same facility that a tiger would a jackall.

I might write you a lengthy paragraph on Wolf Hunting and Panther Shooting, but I'll leave that to the prairies and the tall woods of the North West. You must understand, however, that they are plenty around us, and that we have our own fun in giving them hell. With us the question is not yet settled whether there is most sport in a wild-cat or a fox-chase. The cats of this country are very large and run as beautifully as our English fox. It is a common thing with the planters about here to catch half a dozen foxes and the same number of wild-cats, before breakfast. [!!] Our sports are various, surpassingly exciting, and every way manly.

The neighborhood of Tchula is rich and polished; and whenever our boys have no hunts nor "larks" on the "register of duty," they hitch up their buggies and drive into the hills edging the Yazoo valley, where they find hospitality and beauty rivalling each other. Our ladies are not very numerous, but what we have are splendid.

The Fourth of July was celebrated by the Tchula bachelors and neighboring planters with a Bran Dance and Barbacue. I need not tell your readers what a barbacue is, for I believe they all know it means a good dinner cooked in the woods near some noted spring. A bran dance is very similar to the early custom of dancing on the green. Every one present was reminded of the Halcyon days of their youth, by the magnificent display on the Fourth of July in the Yazoo valley. If you publish this, let the world know Mississippians are not barbarians, and that they are not yet lost to the impulse of patriotism and a high sense of the obligations due their country and society.

☞ The author of this epistle would have been recognised had he not sent his name; we are gratified to find him so pleasantly situated. Will he be kind enough to remember us to the friends named in the private note accompanying his communication, and believe that the columns of the "Spirit of the Times" are ever open to him and them.—*Editor*.

THE ALBANIAN IN THE WEST INDIES.

[Written for the "Spirit of the Times."]

CHRISTIAN STAD PASS-END, Nov. 7, 183–.

My dear —— * * *—We have at length reached our destination, after a short, and by no means unpleasant voyage. From the first moment I set my foot on shore, I felt I was in a foreign land, and everything still reminds me of it.

You are anxious to know what wonderful adventures we have encountered, but I have found by experience that incidents apparently of great importance to the actors, are often very insignificant to other people. But I venture to say, before this journal is concluded, you shall learn *something* you did not know before, and in this confidence I proceed.

After the usual delays at New York, of which you were apprised, we one day met our captain in the street, and were informed by him that he should sail in a few hours, and that we must be at the wharf ready to go aboard in an hour and a half at farthest. Having heard so much of the superstition of seamen, learned or unlearned, we were surprised that our captain intended to sail on Friday. But so it was. We hastened to the wharf, where a small steamer lay to take us off, and we were soon aboard. Here the usual process of weighing anchor was going on, to the merry heave of the capstan; this being soon right up, catted and fished, we clapped on canvass, and began to move on our course. The wind was a-beam, and cut *me* to the bone, yet I persevered in watching the manœuvres of the pilot, and the management of the ship, until the hours preliminary to dinner had passed away, and we were summoned to the cabin. This meal was like any other of the same time of day on ship-board, although the table divided up into compartments, seemed to my inexperienced eye like a Yankee farm, each bearing its appropriate crop.

After dinner I despatched an adieu by the pilot, though I recollect but indistinctly the occurrence itself, as a rolling sea, and some imperfection of ratiocination interfered with my usual collected manner.

We cleared the hook at 4 P. M., when we came to a sea by no means comfortable. It was a heavy ground swell, over which our vessel pitched, and tossed, and tumbled, as I do on a hard trotting horse. I now began to look round for the so much talked-of sea-sickness. On the lee-side of the vessel stood a raw hand, on his first voyage, exhibiting the most convincing proofs of a mind ill at ease. I also found that one of our passengers, Mrs. W——, with her servant woman, had retired in disgust some time before. The captain encouraged us with the assurance that if we stood this, we could stand anything, as it was a *very bad sea for beginners*.

At this intelligence, feeling perfectly well, I waxed fat and kicked; I ever delighted in the motion of the vessel, and felt as if I was gently mounting and falling in a swing. Matters continued thus till dark, when somehow I began to feel a little uneasy, and when the steward invited me down to tea, I felt anything but a desire to avail myself of his politeness! However, I ventured below, and as I entered the cabin, and caught hold of a support, I beheld a most unexpected vision! Seated on a large rocking chair, that hobby of the Americans, wrapped in his Mandarin cloak, with a huge basin before him, sat W——, the very impersonation of the Genius of Nausea, sighing and groaning, "like woful ballad." At this spectacle I incontinently roared aloud, and the steward joined me in the attempt. We were a group worthy of the best *wood-carver* in the city. But, alas! I knew not what manner of man I was. While pulling off my coat to give the intercostals greater play, I felt "awful queer" myself, and had scarcely time to tell the steward to approach with his paraphernalia, when I found myself as busily engaged as W—— himself. The steward, who knew I was an M. D., if nothing else, slyly asked me at this critical juncture, whether "the Doctor had no remedy for sea-sickness!" Tit for tat, thought I, the laugh is against me. But though I had no remedy, I availed myself of the palliative of laying down on my back, by which I gained immediate relief. Disposing ourselves for the night, we slept comfortably till morning, when we experienced some more of the enjoyment of a sea voyage. We found the sea rolling tremendously, so that we could with difficulty keep in our berths. Now and then an extra lurch would almost break my ribs, as it did the crockery, which began to smash in such an extraordinary manner, that the steward rose from his bed in the hope of saving it, but in vain. Everything seemed doomed to "an eternal smash."

When I rose and went on deck, I did not feel myself in the most enviable condition, and I refused breakfast with an indifference that would have astonished my best friends; but the good steward followed me on deck with some broiled mackerel and hot biscuit, which made me feel like a lord in less than five minutes. Without pretending to prescribe these articles for the sea sick, whose varying constitutions require treatment peculiar to their respective organizations, I merely mention the circumstance for the benefit of any who should choose to make the experiment.

I amused myself with watching the details of the ship's discipline and management, but I will not at this time trouble you with the relation. We found our longitude at 12 M. of the first day we were at sea to be 38° 36', and our thermometer stood at 64°.

When dinner was again served, we were afraid to trust ourselves below. We had no stomach for the fight, and therefore took a bite on deck. There we remained until evening, and after a cup of tea, retreated again to our berths, but not without a repetition of the scene of the preceding night. Just at this time, however, I heard W——'s voice from the adjoining state-room, declaring he had discovered an infallible cure for sea-sickness in *gingernuts*, and was very busy in applying it. "If that be the case," said I, "I'll trouble you for all you've got." Indeed, I had no sooner swallowed a morsel, than I began to *whistle!* and this was the last of my trouble from that cause.

Sunday, 27th.—Nothing unusual to-day—the weather beautiful. Our latitude was found to be 36° 43', at about 300 miles distance from the capes of Virginia. We crossed the Gulf stream in safety, it being considered by sailors as the very region of storms. We ascertained its temperature to be 70°.

28th.—Wind high, and we are carrying a good deal of canvass. While sitting at the foot of the mainmast, we heard a cracking aloft, which proved to be our top-gallant-mast carried away. The captain, however, soon got it down, and after reefing a little, we kept on our way. Lat. 34° 51'.

29th.—To-day was not different from the last, save by the death of a turtle-dove, which came flying on board us, but being frightened by the seamen, it left the rigging where it had settled, and in the attempt to cross our bows, was caught by the wave and washed away. Our latitude is 33° 3', and our temperature 75°.

30th.—Our longitude, by a fine chronometer, appears to be 66° 15 W. The vessel tumbles like a drunken man.

31st.—No observation to-day—thermometer 72°. Our fellow passenger turns out to be an old friend of the family, and though now a resident of St. Croix, came from the city of S——, and is of a family which has made some noise in every part of the world. One met his fate in the celebrated ship Tarquin, on the North west Coast, and another is celebrated for his display and magnificence in the French capital.

Nov. 1st.—No sun, no observation, no thermometer, this last having been broken last evening. We find it uncomfortably warm. Last night a flying-fish landed on our deck, and he was served up this morning at breakfast, tasting very much like perch. This unlucky specimen of the soft-finned tribe was the common species or the exocetus volitans. It is a "vulgar error" to suppose it actually flies. Its pectoral fins are very long, and when extended look like wings, but they are not provided with the muscles, nor machinery for continued flight. They can leap a distance of 200 yards, wind, &c., being favorable. But naturalists rather pity this helpless inhabitant of the seas, for its flight exposes it to the predatory birds of the ocean, and when it reaches the water again, weakened and stiffened by the action of the air upon its fins, it becomes a more certain victim to its pursuers. Cuvier says its flight is never long, and its fins serve merely as parachutes. As we ate our specimen, it may be proper to state, from the same authority, that the flying-fish feeds on mollusca and small fishes, and the flesh has an agreeable flavor.

Nov. 2d.—The day hot. I find our crew is made up of all nations; there is not an American seaman on board; there is but one boy who hails from the U. S., and he is a green hand. They come from six different countries, and with the exception of the captain and first and second mates, *there are no seamen* on board.

Sunday, 3d.—Much rain and heat. No sun, no observation. We find ourselves, according to the best of our judgment, in the "horse latitudes," and making but little headway.

4th.—Clear. Captain took an observation, while I took the seconds of the chronometer below in the cabin. Lat. 19° 25, long. 64° 42. We had scarcely finished, when a cry of "land ahead" was heard from the mast-head. The mortals on deck could not yet perceive it.

5th.—This morning the cabin-boy came to us with the welcome intelligence that some islands were now in full view. We hurried on deck, and saw on our right the celebrated Virgin Gorda and Anagarda reefs; on the left Banana and Tortola. Upon the former great numbers of vessels have been wrecked. Virgin Gorda is the highest land about: Anagarda is so low that the trees appear to grow out of the water. The outline of these islands was very fine, although seen by us at 25 miles distance. The want of good weather for observations had led the captain to bear away too far to the west to reach his port by the usual route. He had, therefore, the alternative of standing to the eastward, thus losing 24 hours of time, or attempting the unusual passage between these islands. He determined on the latter, and selecting the most favorable opening, stood "boldly on and went right forward." As we approached, we saw through our glass a small boat putting off from Banana, with two negroes. We hove to for them, and they came on board. From them, particularly the elder, who was a shrewd fellow, we obtained the necessary information. We were making the "King's, or Sir Francis Drake's Channel," which was perfectly safe. After having *treated* them, and given them some *tracts*, we sent them on their way rejoicing. At about one o'clock we were in the passage itself, only about a mile wide, and half a mile long, between Round Rock and Ginger Island. I cannot give you a better idea of the scenery of this group than by comparing it to that of Lake George. While we were indulging in similitudes, and about half way through, we experienced a dead calm and a strong current setting to leeward; but just as we began to feel happy, a breeze sprung and off we went.

St. Croix is now visible from the tops at 30 miles distance, and though the wind is light, we hope to be off the island by 12 to-night. The heat has been intense, so we lay all the afternoon on the round-house, in the shade of a sail. In the evening I kept the watch with the mate until 12, when the island became dimly visible by starlight.

6th.—Daylight, and on deck. Before us lie the beautifully undulating hills and vallies of St. Croix, one sheet of emerald green. And now in our anxiety "to see what we *shall* see," we explore through our telescope every crook and corner within its range. All around are scathed dwellings and sugar-houses. At the bottom of a small bay we perceive Bass End, or Christianstadt. We fired a gun for a pilot, and hoisted a signal and the star-spangled banner. Presently a boat, rowed by four negroes, bringing the pilot, came alongside. This functionary, wearing a white cockade, with a cross in the centre, gave us a green flag to hoist at our foremast, as the symbol of quarantine. We entered the harbor and fired another gun. No notice was taken of it by the twopenny fort which is supposed to guard the entrance. This, however, we could not expect, not being a vessel of war, nor having any claim to a salute, even if we had fired ourselves.

We found ourselves in company with two Danish men-of-war brigs, and several Danish merchantmen. Opposite us was a respectable looking fort, mounting some heavy guns, which commanded the harbor.

The Health officer and Harbor master came to us to receive the report of our voyage, the number of passengers, and to inform us that quarantine would be off at 4½ P. M.

"Enfin me voici!" We have had a splendid voyage of ten days; the captain has been very attentive, and the steward will not suffer in comparison with any of his kind. Indeed, we are so much attached to the vessel, that we feel great reluctance in leaving her. Our baggage, which you know is rather queer, consisting not merely of trunks and valises, but also of a cow, horse, and American gig, is to be sent round to West End, our destination.

We landed at 5 P. M., and as we approached the wharf we saw it lined with a crowd of negroes, of every hue and complexion. On our touching the shore there was a general rush for our effects; one seized a cane, another an umbrella, in the best style of the mob of Calais. "St George to the rescue!" We succeeded in dispersing our assailants, and reached Miss G——'s boarding-house in triumph.

Our first surprise was at the prevailing style of architecture. The houses have their fronts supported on a row of arches, with an interior wall, five or six feet back, pierced with windows innumerable. The second story wall has openings corresponding with those in the arches below, which are closed with blinds or *jalousies*. The officers' quarters at the Waterliet arsenal will give you an idea of my meaning.

You enter and ascend a long and broad brick staircase, at the end of the house, where there is a hall twelve feet wide, the sides of which have open arches, looking into the principal room, itself as large as one of our houses. This room opens upon a gallery on the street, which gallery is supported by the arches already mentioned. The furniture is quite scanty according to our notions, consisting of a few tables, sofas, and chairs.

After tea I strolled about the place. The streets are of the width of our Maiden-lane, but without pavements or side-walks; instead of these, they are macadamized. The place appears like a town of barracks. I turned up the principal street, which, like the rest, bears a Danish name, but did not meet with many striking specimens of humanity. Almost all the persons we met were negroes, a few whites were visible, and the men all wore the cockade, and appeared to be Danes.

The Government House is a large building, of the prevailing style of architecture, entered by long flights of steps, and having an imposing appearance. Several sentinels were pacing in front, and the peculiarity of their dress was their large blue trousers, which reached only half way down the leg. There is a garrison here of 300 men. The American Vice-consul called on us, and we are beginning to understand something of the locality and the manners of the people.

I believe I can amuse you in spite of myself. F.

SILK STATISTICS.

VANSVILLE, near Beltsville, Md., August 1st, 1839.

Dear Sir,—Perceiving that you now and then give a few words to the Silk mania, I thought it possible that the subjoined article, which I by chance found in an old English publication, might prove interesting to some of your readers.

"Raw Silk, first made by the people of China, called Seres, 150 before Christ; first brought from India, 274; known at Rome in Tiberius' time, when a law passed in the Senate, prohibiting the use of plate of massy gold, and also forbidding men to debase themselves by wearing silk, fit only for women; Heliogabalus first wore a garment all silk; silkworms brought to Europe 300 years later; silk at first of the same value with gold, weight for weight, and thought to grow, like cotton, on trees, 220; the Emperor Aurelian, who died in 275, denied his Empress a robe of silk, because too dear. Silk introduced into Europe by some monks, 551; some monks, who had been in India, in 555, brought from thence silkworms eggs to Constantinople, where raw silk was in time produced in abundance, and worked up into manufactures at Athens, Thebes, Corinth, &c. Charlemagne sent to Ossa, king of Mercia, in 780, a present of a belt, a Hunnish sword, and two silken vests; in 1130, Greek manufacturers of silk brought by Roger, king of Sicily, to Europe, settled at Palermo, where they taught the Sicilians not only to breed up the silkworms, but to spin and weave silk, which art was carried afterwards to Italy and Spain, and also to the South of France, a little before Francis I, who brought it to Touraine. Venice inveigled silk weavers from Greece and Palermo, 1207; silk mantles worn by some noble-men's ladies at a ball at Kenilworth castle, in Warwickshire, 1286; first silk manufacture in France, 1521; raw silk not produced there till some time afterwards; first worn by the English clergy, 1534; silkworms and mulberry trees propagated by Henry IV, through all France, 1589; broad silk manufacture from raw silk, introduced into England, 1620; brought to perfection by the French refugees in London, 1687; silk first imported from Persia through Russia, 1742. Lombe's famous silk throwing machine erected at Derby, 1719; it contains 26,586 wheels, one water wheel moves the rest, and in a day and a night it works 318,504,960 yards of organzine silk."

ON THE REARING AND FEEDING OF CATTLE.

In our island, where the domestic animals enter so largely into the article of human food, a great part of the farmer's attention must be devoted to the rearing of them to the degree of perfection their ultimate use requires; for every labor bestowed on any kind of cultivation and every article the farmer produces by the application of that labor tends to the same result—the production of food for men and beast. Before the introduction of green crops, a very imperfect system of rearing prevailed, from want of succulent food for winter; grass-fed animals could only be brought to market, and if kept through winter they lost during that time the degree of condition they had acquired during summer, for hay and straw if used in profusion will not rear or feed the animals quickly and profitably. The cultivation of green crops has completely altered the whole system, and has introduced an entire revolution, both in the cultivation of the land, and in the management of the domestic animals, a better and more regular supply of food has been obtained, and a vast addition to the number and quality of every article produced on the farm. An improvement in the supply of food carried along with it corresponding improvements in the animals themselves, and on no point of rural economy has more skill and exertion been shown, or more persevering industry exercised, than we have witnessed by many breeders in this kingdom, in improving the qualities of the animals, by intermixing and engrafting the properties of the one on the other, so as to develope and bring forth those qualities for the use of man. Our breeds of cattle are numerous, but the various crosses and remnants of old breeds need not be enumerated, and they may be reduced to the few breeds that are now most approved, and from which we may choose for any situation in the kingdom. For all rich soils and favored situations, the Durham breed or short horns are preferred, and the long horns are still kept by many excellent cultivators. The Herefords and short horns seem nearly balanced in merits, if we may judge from the prizes awarded them. For inferior lands we have the Devon breed, not surpassed by any cattle in the kingdom, and besides we have multitudes of nondescript animals, that do not fall under any class, but which are yet much used in all parts of the kingdom. In Scotland, where great numbers of cattle are reared and exported, the native breeds are three—the Ayrshire, which are evidently allied to the Yorkshire breed—the Galloways, or polled blacks, and the West Highland breed of horned black, shaggy-haired animals, which are found, with some little variation, all over the Western and Northern Highlands of Scotland. Great numbers of these animals are fed in England; and an opinion is entertained, and my own experience goes far in support of it, that these mountain cattle pay more money per head and per acre, than any of our fine breeds, after all the improvements that have been made. The cost of production is small, and the beef commands a higher price in the market. In bringing cattle forward to the state when they are disposed of to the consumer, farmers have adopted two methods; some prefer to breed and feed on the farm, a number that the farm can support, and others to buy yearly a number they can afford to feed. The preference given to either of the two methods would seem to be, or should be, determined by locality and other circumstances, yet caprice and fancy would seem to do much, for it is hard to conceive how two farms adjoining each other should be suitable to different modes, except in the bare opinion of the farmer, or how two breeds of animals can be most profitable in similar cases, except in opinion only. In many situations the difference to be observed between breeding and feeding, is most marked, and it is very fortunate that the diversity of opinion prevails in other places, for it affords a ready market for our mountain breeds, which, if the case was otherwise, might not be so profitable. In choosing a native breed, the farmer will be guided by the quality of the soil, the food he can produce, and by other circumstances, and much will depend on his own fancy; but if he prefer to buy in rather than breed, it will be found that the Scotch polled and West Highland breed will pay more money than any other. A very general mistake is committed in not allowing them sufficient time on the land, in order to feed—not less than eighteen months should be allowed, or twelve in cases where they have been bought in good condition. Green crops being now known to us, which if duly cultivated will afford succulent food during winter, it is understood that no farmer neglects providing a sufficient quantity if he wishes to rear and feed profitably, not only with regard to the profits of the animal itself, but to the manure raised for the future benefit of the farm. But notwithstanding the long acknowledged profits of these crops, and also of improved breeds of stock, we find great neglect prevail on both points; for if we look into Smithfield, or any other market, we find the improved animals bear a small proportion to the others; farmers yet persist in breeding very unthrifty animals, and for want of green crops they are bred and starved upon a system. In many cases, however, we find both breeding and feeding carried on systematically and profitably, with due attention to the profits expected from the animal itself, from the attention and food bestowed, and also to the future benefits expected from the system.

Cow-sheds should be provided with calf-pens adjoining, under the same roof, where the calves are confied in separate apartments for one animal, and floored with boards, pierced with augur holes that they may lay dry and comfortable. From these apartments they are brought twice or thrice a day to be suckled, led by a halter, and tied when sucking, to a rope extending along the cow-shed. Sucking is always to be preferred to nursing by the pail; when milk is exposed much of the value is lost, the gaseous fluids go off by evaporation, and the appearance of the calves nursed by the two methods is a sufficient decision. Suckling is attended with less trouble, and an experienced cowman will soon be able to judge of the proper quantity to be allowed them. From January to June is the proper time for weaning—early calves maintaining a decided superiority, unless greater encouragement be afterwards afforded to the later ones. In situations where fattening for veal is found profitable, both weaning and fattening go on together; and even where cheese and butter are manufactured, all the three may be easily managed, by allotting a number of cows for suckling and a number to be milked for the dairy. Calves fed for veal must not be restricted in the quantity of milk; for weaning, they must be allowed such a quantity as will keep them always in a sleek and thriving condition, without feeding them, for any fat produced at that time would be lost. An ordinary cow will feed four calves for veal, or make veal of two, and wean three, much depending on the milky nature of the cow, and on the quality of the pasture. The various substitutes for milk that have been puffed abroad among farmers have all proved an utter fallacy, only supplying the farmer with a few pounds of butter and cheese at the expense of the animal. They never fail in producing a large belly and offal, an infallible mark of degeneracy and bad keep, in any animal, and in no case have we been yet able to improve upon what nature has provided the mother with in nursing her offspring. During that time the mother should form the chief object of our attention.

In the month of May, when the weather has become warm, and the young grass has sprung, the earliest calves will be turned out into a grass paddock of fine pasture, provided with water and shelter, and convenient to the homestead, and where they can be suckled twice a day. The cows' pasture should be adjacent if possible, and also well provided with water and shelter, and laid down or improved for the purpose. The paddock for the calves may consist of one or two acres, and an orchard suits very well, the fruit trees affording shelter from the heat, and amusement in rubbing. A shelter shed is indispensable, with a dry well littered bottom, and may be so contrived, as to suit for lambing the ewes in the spring, which business will be concluded before the calves are turned out. The ewes lying all night in the paddock, will bestow a good top dressing, which must be attended to by rolling. At the age of 16 weeks the calves will be ready to go to the pasture field, the quantity of milk having been gradually reduced as the calves learned to eat the grass. As they are removed from the paddock the next oldest ones are turned out from the calf-pens, and when the weaning season is near a close, as many of the latest calves as the paddock can maintain may remain in it for the season, to be near at hand for receiving some better encouragement to raise them to an equality with the oldest. Nothing more disfigures a herd of cattle than to see them of different sizes and qualities, and colors, and in many cases of different breeds, shewing a great want of skill in the breeding, and of care and attention in the nursing and rearing. After the weaning season is over, the milk for the remainder of the season may be applied to suckling for veal, or to making butter and cheese, as situation may direct. In places where these articles are the staple produce, the weaning of calves will be on a smaller scale; but on these farms some are weaned, to which the above observations will equally apply.

When the calves are removed from the home paddock, the best pasture on the farm will be given them, well watered and sheltered if possible; in many cases the lattermath of a hay crop answers well. When fields lie in permanent grass, a shed with a view to permanency may be erected in each field at a very trifling cost, and may be so contrived as to suit both cattle and sheep. Where the alternate system of farming prevails, a corner where the plough does not strike may be got, and a very useful shelter erected. Cattle of an age should pasture together, and the smaller the lots the better.

By the end of October, the approach of cold weather will render necessary the removal of the cattle to the home yard. Every farm is, or ought to be provided with a number of yards suited to its size and to the quality of the soil, the bottoms level with that of the shelter-shed raised above that of the yard, to throw the moisture outwards, that the cattle may lie dry; cribs for holding the roots given to the cattle are ranged along the sub-division walls, and sometimes placed in the shelter-shed under cover; the most approved are of a square shape, with a latticed bottom which allows all moisture to escape. Buildings of stone and lime have been erected along the walls, but they hold water and sludge very much; wood is cleaner, and where used the bottom planks should be perforated with holes to discharge the water. Troughs of stone, of wood, or of cast iron are placed across the pivision-walls, so as to supply two yards; and the water is conveyed in pipes from a pump, or supplied by ball cocks and pipes from a cistern placed aloft for that purpose, in some house of the farmery, and to which the water is raised by a forcing valve in the yard pump. Turnips are now mostly given in a cut state, and where straw is rank and abundant it may be cut to shorter lengths, which will render it more manageable and easier of reduction.

Into these yards properly furnished, the cattle are put in lots of ages and sizes, varying in number from 3 to 7 when feeding; young cattle may be kept in greater numbers. Most feeders now prefer the open yard to housing, though on turnip farms, a feeding house is very necessary where a few choice animals may be fattened, or a few inferior ones may be brought more quickly to perfection. Fresh straw should be put frequently into the racks, and cabbages are a very proper article to begin the feeding of young stock for the first winter. These and turnip tops are given once, or better if twice a-day, and continued through the winter—if they fail, potatoes and beet are given in moderate quantities, so as to keep the young animals in a sleek and thriving condition, without any tendency to gorge them, or induce them to nauseate their food. They should always show a keen appetite, and seem able to eat more than is given. The yards are frequently littered, thinly at a time, so as to keep them dry and comfortable, and also mix the manure properly. The straw racks are shifted often that the straw may not lie dry around them, and the yards are of such a size as will admit of the cattle treading, dunging, and watering on every part. A very common error prevails on this point, the yards are much too large, the straw lies dry and unmixed in many parts, and the good dung lies huddled together in other places. Space sufficient for the cattle to move about freely for air and exercise is quite enough, due regard being had to warmth in the shelter shed. An equal mistake with too much space lies in making the yards too small.

In the month of May of each year the pasture fields will be ready for stocking, when the different sizes and ages will be arranged by the best judgment of the farmer. In October of each year, the cattle will be turned into the fold yards and fed with ample allowances of roots and straw, and with the yards kept dry and comfortable. As the cattle increase in age, the fewer numbers must be put together in one yard, and during the third and fourth winter they will be fed off and sold. I have recommended all calves to suck the cow for veal or for weaning, and I now mention that the treatment of any animal during the first year of it's growth generally stamps its future distinction. If it be stinted in the quantity or in the quality of the food, future pampering will not recover its lost growth, and if it be well fed during the first year, and attain a good size, indifferent treatment afterwards will have much less effect. If a calf be well suckled, great attention is necessary during the first winter that it receive such treatment as will carry it forward, and that it does not lose in that time what it gained the previous summer. This result often happens from want of winter food of roots, for though hay and straw be in profusion, they never can supply the place of green crops.

Cattle when feeding must have a full supply of food, but not to pall their appetites, which must always be keen and in full action. The food previously given them should be clean eaten up or nearly so before any more is supplied, and the cribs regularly cleaned out and every filth removed. The first feed of cut turnips, potatoes, or beet, is given by break of day, and the last so long before darkness sets in as will allow time for the cattle to eat the whole during day light, as any accidents from hoving or choking have a better chance of being seen and remedied. A dry bed in the shelter shed and in any part of the yard during dry weather, is indispensible.

Opinions differ as to the most profitable age of feeding our best breeds of cattle. My own experience agrees with the opinion expressed by Earl Spencer, one of our highest authorities, that the age of four years seems the most advantageous, as the most likely to secure the utmost weight of the animal, and to avoid unnecessary expenditure in trying to obtain more bulk, and also the loss by slaughtering at too early an age, before the animal had reached maturity: I have observed that a great part of our cattle are starved on system—they are grazed and gain something in summer and lose it in winter. The miserable appearance of young stock both in the yard and in the fields sufficiently support this opinion, and the case will not be mended till green crops are more extensively cultivated. We know plants adapted I may say to almost every soil, and it only remains to cultivate them. In order to produce a thoroughly well fed and ripe animal, it must be gradually fed from the day of its birth, by good keeping which will keep the body in a thriving condition and full of juices, and also produce that mixture of fat and lean so necessary to constitute beef of good quality. Hence arises the well furnished animal in the hands of the butcher, and from the starving system is owing the bad quality of much of our animal food, for unless the animal be well fattened and regularly, the lean is dry and wholly wanting in juices which can only be imparted by a ripe state. The one-half at least of our cattle in market are not fat, they are starved in early years, and then for a short time they are tied to a stake and gorged with food to produce an appearance quickly, and sold off to save expence, and hence arises the badly furnished animal in the hands of the butcher. An animal always in good condition is fattening gradually and profitably, the dung is of more value, and when the age of fattening off arrives, a small application of more food concludes the process. A greater number of cattle is often kept on a farm than it can maintain profitably—an erroneous policy but very common.

I have observed that where a farmer chooses partly or wholly to follow the buying system in place of breeding, it will be found that our small mountain breeds will pay more money than any other. In most cases too short a time is allowed them to feed, for the natural propensity to fatten has not been in them any way improved by breeding or keeping, and in that respect they differ from our new breeds. They are mostly fed very poorly in their youth, and when transported to rich pastures, fat cannot be laid instantly, but in course of time, if in fair condition, a year will be sufficient, but if bought in a lean state from droves, they should be on the ground for 18 months, fed the first winter on half the full allowance of green food, well grazed the following summer, and fed off the ensuing winter. This is gradual feeding and indispensible if we wish for good beef. The age should be four or rather five years when slaughtered.

Oil cake, bean, and barley meal, oats, and other articles have been used in the feeding of cattle, but experience has long since proved that if the farmer will only try to raise potatoes, beet, cabbages, and turnips in quantity, he need no substitute, except in case of a failure of the above crops. Straw alone is required for litter, and for the cattle to eat a little when inclined.

British Farmer's Magazine, for July.

SALES OF STOCK—PAST AND TO COME.

The following is a list of a herd recently sold by Charles S. Brent, Esq., of Kentucky. The part bloods seem to have sold better in proportion, than the full bloods. Says the "Franklin Farmer:"—

"In reference to this sale, a friend who was present, writes us: 'Several of the cows had not bred for a year or two, and the heifers were not insured to breed, or they would have sold for more money. Others were disfigured by the loss of tails, &c., which lessened their value, and many of them had been bred injudiciously the present season. The part bloods sold uncommonly high—one cow, without pedigree, went off for between four and five hundred dollars.'—The list below embraces only the full bloods.

MALES.

Paris, 3 years old	$500	
Transport, 10 months old	455	
D'Joinville, 11 months	300	
North Star, 13 months	232	50
Tip Top, 14 months	167	50

FEMALES.

Lucilla 2d, 10 years old, doubtful whether she will breed again	$250
Florinda, 6 years old, injured teat	420
Ruby 2d, 6 years,—calf six days old	700
Helen, 3 years	600
Pomona, 2 years	425
Venetia, 1 year	385
Nancy Wells, 9 years	525
Kate Kearney, 5 years	357
Cora, 4 years	465
Castilla, 2 years—been injured	200
Mary, 1 year	400
Lilly, 9 years	605
Lute, 4 months old	305
Flora and calf	525
Stella, 4 months old	210"

An extensive sale of cattle, horses, sheep, and hogs, will take place at Grass Hill, Carroll county, Ky., on Tuesday, the 20th of August, the property of Geo. N. Sanders.

Also, a very extensive sale of different kinds of stock will take place on the Tate's Creek road, three miles from Lexington county, Ky., on the 22d of August.

☞ Why do not those persons who have stock to sell give longer notices, and publish their intended sales in the papers in this quarter?—Surely it would be a wise step, or one at least calculated to increase the number of purchasers from this and other distant quarters.

Southern Cultivator.

AGRICULTURAL MEETING.

At a meeting of sundry citizens of Franklin county, Tenn., held pursuant to public notice, at the court house in the town of Winchester, on the 6th day of May, 1839, for the purpose of forming an agricultural society—

On motion, Judge N. Green was called to the chair, and P. S. Decherd appointed secretary.

The chairman then stated the object of the meeting, and made some suitable remarks explanatory thereof; and by request a constitution was read, which with some slight amendments, was unanimously adopted.

The society then proceeded to elect their officers, to act until their annual meeting in October next, whereupon it appeared that the following persons were duly elected, to wit:—

JAMES LEWIS, President: RICHARD SHARP, GEORGE GRAY, V. Presidents: JAMES SHARP, Treasurer: P. S. DECHERD, Secretary.

And by request the Chairman appointed the following persons the Executive, or Standing Committee, to wit:—

John R. Patrick, B. Decherd, John Handley, H. Green, W. Estill, Jr., A. Shook, Jos. Newman, W. Estill, M.D., James Morris, George McCutcheon, Wm Brazelton, John W. Holder.

The meeting then adjourned, sine die.

At a subsequent meeting of the executive committee, the premiums below were offered.

To stimulate to laudable competition, and promote, as the society has means, the advancement of Agriculture and the improvement of stock, the following crops were designated as most essential, and for which the following premiums should be offered, to wit:

For the best field of corn, not less than five acres, a sett of tea-spoons, worth	$5
For the best field of wheat, not less than five acres, a sett of tea-spoons	5
For the best field of rye, not less than five acres, tea-spoons	5
For the best field of oats, not less than five acres, tea spoons	5
For the best field of barley, not less than five acres, tea-spoons	5
For the best field of cotton, not less than five acres, a sett of spoons	5
For the best three year old Stud colt, a sett of spoons	5
For the best two year old stud colt, a sett of spoons	5
For the best yearling stud colt, a sett of spoons	5
For the best sucking colt, a sett of spoons	5
For the best three year old filly, a sett of tea-spoons	5
For the best two year old filly, a sett of tea-spoons	5
For the best yearling filly, a sett of tea-spoons	5
For the best sucking jack or jennet colt, a sett of spoons	5
For the best yearling jack, a sett of spoons	5
For the best two year old jack, a sett of spoons	5
For the best three year old jack, a sett of spoons	5
For the best yearling jennet, a seet of spoons	5
For the best two year old jennet, a sett of spoons	5
For the best three year old jennet, a sett of spoons	5
For the best sucking mule colt, a sett of spoons	5
For the best yearling mule, a sett of spoons	5
For the best two year old mule, a sett of spoons	5
For the best milch cow, a sett of spoons	5
For the best sucking calf, a sett of spoons	5
For the best boar, a sett of spoons	5
For the best sow, a sett of spoons	5
For the best buck, a sett of spoons	5
For the best ewe, a sett of spoons	5

The following is the mode recommended by Maj. John Cockrill, of Franklin county, Ala., for managing Merino wool—which has heretofore been published at length in the Cultivator. We now extract merely the part relative to the subject, at the request of a subscriber. Mr. Cockrill, we believe, is good authority.

MERINO WOOL.

For the Southern Cultivator.

MR. CLAYTON,— * * If the gentleman wishes to ship his wool, he should be particular to shear his fleece whole, turn the flesh side up, then turn it lengthwise to the centre after taking off the tags, then double it together, which makes it four thicknesses; then commence and roll it from the tail to the neck; then twist the neck wool into a strong band, leaving one end fast to the fleece, and carry it round the whole fleece and fasten it. If this be well done, the roll will not easily come apart; in this case the factorymen can spread it out and assort and place each quality by itself. By thus dividing, when made into cloth, it will not pucker or draw in places. After the process of rolling is completed, proceed and bale it as with cotton. Be sure and not wash the wool, unless on the sheep, and let it be dry. Wool put up in this way, will keep good for years.

Perhaps your enquirer intends his wool for home consumption; if so, and the sheep are common or Bakewell, as soon as taken off put the fleece into large hampers—take it to the swiftest running water, place it in and trample upon it until the water runs clear, then dry it on some clean place. If for common coarse use, merino will do in this way also; but this wool contains a large portion of yoke or gum, which adheres closely to the fibres—if you want this removed you must heat water as hot as you can bear your hand in it, or a little more, add a sufficiency of lye or soap to make it slippery, put in your wool when in this condition, and let it stand for twenty-four hours; then when cold tread it to loosen the dirt, and have two other vessels prepared in the same way—water as hot as can be borne—put a small quantity of wool in, let it remain only for a moment, squeeze it out, put it in the third vessel in like manner, and place on a clean place to dry. Do not touch it with cold water, or it will cement; nor rub it in the warm water. This process prepares it for fine spinning, and leaves the yoke behind. Do it well. * * *

AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

The Jefferson County Association stock fair and East Tennessee Agricultural Society, awarded the following premiums, certificates, &c., at their Russelville meeting, June 1, 1839.

For the best stallion, a premium to *Haywood*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam Black Sophia, by Top Gallant, the property of Gen. A. E. Smith, and J. Scruggs	$10 00

A certificate was awarded to *Prestwood*, by Arab, dam Creeping Kate by Old Sir Archy, the property of James Scruggs.

For the best 3 year old colt, a premium to W. C. Scruggs' ch. c. by Medoc, dam by Jackson	$5 00
For the best two year old colt, a premium to R. Scruggs', Jr., ch. c. by Molo, dam Rachel Cunningham by Saladin	5 00
For the best yearling—to A. B. Howk's ch. c. by Junius, dam by Moore's Brimmer	5 00

For the best sucking colt, no premium was awarded, the committee deeming it doubtful to place it correctly where there were so many splendid colts exhibited, and recommended the competitors to come forward again at the annual meeting.

For the best 3 year old filly—to Gen. A. Smith's br. f. by Imp Leviathan, dam by Imp. Bagdad	$5 00
For the best 2 year old filly—to John H. Anderson's ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Marcus' Bellair	5 00
For the best yearling filly—to Col. W. Kirkpatrick's ch. f. by Aratus, dam by Selim	5 00
For the best jack—none were exhibited.	
For the best jennet—to A. Kyle's	3 00
For the best mule colt—to Thos. Jones' by Capt Moore's Imp. Black Knight	3 00
For the best bull—to Colwell, Reese, and Branner, for their bull, ½ Durham, and ½ Patton	5 00
For the best milch cow—to Isaac Horner, blood not known	5 00
For the best calf under 6 months—to Ob. Boaz, by part English bull, and out of a Durham and Patton cow	3 00

The society raised a committee upon such other stock as were not offered premiums or certificates at this meeting, and take great pleasure in stating to the public, that Dr. Alexander Williams, of Greenville, presented 6 yearling mules, by his imported Maltese jack, Bashaw, which reflects great credit to the raiser in his choice selection of a jack. These six mules looked comparatively in size to be two years old, and in form superior to any thing of the kind ever offered to the society. Mr. Jas. W. Deaderick also offered a Russian boar, and Mr. Obadiah Boaz a sow, which presented a high state of improvement in the stock. Mr. Holbert Arnot offered a 2 year old bull, upon which the committee awarded a certificate.—He is by imported Matchem, and a common cow.

Also, Mr. E. Birdsey presented a lot of Saxon sheep, and samples of wool, upon which the committee report as a valuable acquisition to the country, and recommend in flattering terms the community to patronise the importer by the purchase of the stock.

By order of the society.
JAMES SCRUGGS, Sec'y.

East Tennesean.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Baltimore, Md. - -	Kendall Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
Boonville, Mo. - - -	and New Franklin, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 9th Oct.
Camden, N. J. - - - -	and Philadelphia J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th Oct.
Crab Orchard, Ky. -	Spring Hill Course, 1st Wednesday, 4th Sept.
Cincinnati, Ohio - -	Buckeye Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Sept.
Clinton, Ala. - - - -	Pactolus Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
Cross Keys, Va. - - -	Southampton County, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Sept.
Columbia S. C. - - -	Jockey Club Annual Meeting, 4th Monday, 25th Nov.
Fredericksburg, Va.	Mulberry Course, J.C., F. Meeting, 4th Tuesday, Oct. 22
Fort Smith, Arks. - -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
Greensboro', Ala. - -	Henry Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 29th Oct.
Louisville, Ky. - - -	Oakland Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
" "	Great Sweepstakes of 10 subs., at $2000 each, h. ft., Four mile heats, on the last day of Sept., the 30th.
Livingston, Ala. - -	Picton Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th Oct.
" "	Match, $5000 aside, 2 m. h., *Czarina* vs. *Cleopatra*, 1st day.
Lynchburg, Va. - -	Lynchburg Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Sept.
Mecklenburg Co., Va.	Buffalo Course, J. C., Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, Oct. 8.
Montreal, L. C. - -	Turf Club Meeting, St. Pierre Course, 3d Monday, 19th Aug.
Mobile, Ala. - - - - -	Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 26th Nov.
Maysville, Ky. - - -	Beechland Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Sept.
Norfolk, Va. - - - -	and Portsmouth J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Sept.
New York City - -	Union Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
New Orleans, La. -	Eclipse Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.
Pittsylvania C.H. Va.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 18th Sept.
Petersburg, Va. - -	Newmarket Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th Sept.
Quebec, L. C. - - - -	Association Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Sept.
Raleigh, N. C. - - - -	State Course, Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Nov.
St. Louis, Mo. - - - -	Prairie Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 14th Oct.
Springfield, Ala. -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
Trenton, N. J. - - -	Eagle Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d Oct.
Van Buren, Arks. - -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
Washington, D. C. -	National Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
Wheeling, Va. - - -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Sept.
White S. Springs, Va.	Fauquier Co., Victoria Course, J. C. F. Meeting, Tuesday, Sept. 3

ENGLISH DUELLING.

We hear much from foreigners of the vice of duelling in this country. They are lamentably frequent, we confess, but as they usually grow out of more substantial grounds of difference than the English duels of etiquette, so they rarely terminate so innocently as the latter. It is almost ludicrous to read the monotonous results of the "meetings" among the London fashionables—almost always bloodless. We copy the following as a specimen, illustrating clearly the usual groundless occasions for a resort to arms, and the manner in which they terminate:—

LORD LONDONDERRY AND MR. H. GRATTAN, M. P.

No. 1.

Reform Club, Tuesday evening, June 11.

Mr. Henry Grattan presents his compliments to Lord Londonderry. He has seen in the newspapers a speech attributed to his Lordship, an extract from which (the Morning Advertiser and Globe) he takes the liberty of enclosing. He will be much obliged to Lord Londonderry if he will have the goodness to say whether he meant to apply to him the strong terms of opprobrium therein expressed.

To the Marquis of Londonderry, Holdernesse House, Park-lane.

No. 2.

Holdernesse House, One P. M., June 12.

Lord Londonderry presents his compliments to Mr. H. Grattan. His note, dated Tuesday evening, has only just reached him. Lord Londonderry read in his place in the House of Lords an extract from the reports of the newspapers of a speech of Mr. O'Connell's, stated to have been made at a public meeting in Dublin, to address the Queen, in which accusations were made against that party to which Lord Londonderry is proud to belong. The paragraph Lord Londonderry cited is as follows (Mr. Grattan will see this from the page of the Morning Post annexed):—

"Mr. Grattan had said that her Majesty's life would not be safe if the Tories came into power; and he, Mr. O'Connell, declared solemnly he was convinced she would not live six months if that event took place." Also

"He knew the Tory party were capable of every human baseness and ferocity."

Lord Londonderry at once admits, if these sentiments are accurately reported, accusing the Tory party of an intention of murdering the Queen, he considers them as base and infamous. It was to such accusations Lord Londonderry's epithets applied.

To H. Grattan, Esq., M. P., 21 Manchester-buildings.

No 3.

Reform Club, June 12, 1839.

Mr. Henry Grattan presents his compliments to Lord Londonderry. He has received a portion of a newspaper, and a written extract by Lord Londonderry, containing a speech of Mr. O'Connell's. He begs to say that he is not accountable for any opinion and expression in Mr. O'Connell's speeches. As Mr. Henry Grattan has not, in any speech of his, alluded in any way to Lord Londonderry, he must request that Lord Londonderry will distinctly say whether he intended that the words "base" and "infamous" should apply to him.

To the Marquis of Londonderry, Holdernesse House.

No. 4.

Holdernesse House, June 12.

Sir,—In reply to your letter, just received, I have only to say that, in my letter of this morning I distinctly explained the grounds on which I used the expression of which you complain. I am not prepared to unsay what I then expressed, and I can only repeat the purport of that explanation. Considering the authority on which I spoke, I then avoided any personal allusions. I meant to repel so unfounded an accusation, and I can only adhere to the purport of my former communication, that, unwilling as I should be to affix upon any individual the responsibility of having uttered such sentiments as those reported in the public accounts of the meeting to which I alluded, I must adhere to the opinion I have already expressed, as applying to any individual who is prepared to avow such language. I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

Vane Londonderry.

To Henry Grattan, Esq., M. P., 21 Manchester-buildings.

No. 5.

21 Manchester-buildings

Mr. Henry Grattan begs to inform Lord Londonderry that, as he has never on any occasion alluded to him in any of his speeches, and as Lord Londonderry declines to state that the offensive expressions "base and infamous" were not intended to be applied to him, he must consider this to be an insult on Lord Londonderry's part as gross as it is unprovoked. He has, therefore, requested a friend of his to communicate to Lord Londonderry his sentiments on this subject.

Thursday morning, one o'clock, June 13, 1839.

The Marquis of Londonderry, Holdernesse House.

No. 6.

Thursday morning, June 13, 1839.

Sir,—Mr. H. Grattan's letter to Lord Londonderry, of last night's date, has just been placed in my hands, and I have to request that you will state from Lord Londonderry to Mr. H. Grattan that he has nothing to add which has not been already stated in his last letter to Mr. H. Grattan. The epithets complained of were applied, not to individuals, but to injurious accusations reported to have been publicly uttered against a political body; and, since there is no disavowal on Mr. Grattan's part of the language and sentiments reported to have been used, Lord Londonderry regrets he cannot recede from the opinions he has already expressed. I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

J. J. Bodkin, Esq., M. P. G. Bentinck.

In consequence of this correspondence a meeting was arranged, which took place on Thursday at Wimbledon Common, at three o'clock. The parties were placed at the usual distance, and on the signal being given, Lord Londonderry received Mr. Grattan's fire, and then fired in the air. Mr. Bodkin, on the part of Mr. Grattan, then expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and the affair terminated to the satisfaction of all parties.

Strange mode of Curing a Vicious Horse.—I have seen vicious horses in Egypt cured of the habit of biting, by presenting to them, while in the act of doing so, a leg of mutton just taken from the fire. The pain which a horse feels in biting through the hot meat, causes it, after a few lessons, to abandon the vicious habit.

MULBERRY COURSE (Va.) RACES.

We the subscribers agree to run a sweepstake colt race over the Mulberry Course, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, for colts and fillies then 3 years old; Two mile heats, Subscription $200 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race, to name and close the 1st day of October next.

We the subscribers agree to run a sweepstake colt race over the Mulberry Course, at the Fall meeting of 1839, for colts and fillies then 3 years old; Mile heats—Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race, to name and close on the 1st day of October next.

The Fall meeting on the Mulberry Course will come off as usual, on the fourth Tuesday, the 22d of October.

WM. McCARGC, Proprietor.

Fredericksburg, Va., Aug. 1, 1839.—[Aug. 10-10t.]

SWEEPSTAKES.—OPELOUSAS, LA.

THE following Sweepstakes are open to come off over the Belle View Course, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, which will probably take place the last week in October.

1. For 3 year olds, subscription $500, h. ft., Mile heats—to close September 1st.
2. For 3 year olds, sub. $500, h. ft., Two mile heats—to close Sept. 1st.
3. For 2 year olds, sub. $300, h. ft., Mile heats—to close Sept. 1st.
4. Post Stake—for horses of unmixed Creole blood, all ages, feather weights—sub. $150, P.P., Mile heats—to close October 1st. Horses from Spanish mares to be considered as Creoles.

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to any of the above stakes, can do so by sending their nominations by mail, addressed to

[aug10.] Capt. D. S. PARRISH, Sec'y. pro tem, Opelousas, La.

AMERICAN

TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE.

THE 8th No. of this work was published on the 1st Aug., from the Office of the "*Spirit of the Times,*" corner of Broadway and Barclay st. This number is embellished with two very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engravings. The following is submitted as its table of Contents:—

EMBELLISHMENTS:

PORTRAIT OF MR. STEVENS' JANETTE; on Steel, by Dick after Troye.
RUNNING THE THING INTO THE GROUND; on Steel, by Dick after Landseer.

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WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

New York, August 10.—[aug10]

DURHAM CATTLE AND BERKSHIRE HOGS FOR SALE.

THE subscriber intending to return to England, offers for sale his stock of Imported Short Horned Cattle and Berkshire Pigs, at his residence, English Neighborhood, Bergen County, N. J., five miles from New York.

The stock consists of 15 head of Milking Cows, four of them imported, and the remainder got by the imported Herd Book bulls, Dishley, Durham, Wye Comet, Hall's Comet, Memnon, Admiral, Denton, &c.—One 2 year old heifer, one 4 year old ditto, and from 8 to 10 Spring calves.

BERKSHIRE PIGS.

Ten Breeding sows in pig, and with pigs by them at the present time—from forty to fifty pigs ready for delivery at any time, at prices from $10 to $20 per pair, delivered in New York.

The imported Herd Book bred bull, Bloomsbury, is with the cows for the season, and from present appearances they will all soon be in calf.

The yearling and spring calves are by the subscriber's bull, Snow Ball, late Minervis, by Wye Comet, dam Nelle, bred by Israel Munson, Esq., of Boston, got by the imported bull, Admiral, g. dam Rosa, bred by Mr. Munson, by the imported bull, Denton, owned by Stephen Williams, of Northborough, Mass., gr. g. d. Tuberose, bred by Mr. Wetherall, and imported by Mr. Munson.

For further particulars see Herd Book,—Dishley, page 63—Durham, 567—Wye Comet, 200—Admiral, 2—Denton, 43—Tuberose, 524.

BENJ. BRENTNALL.

English Neighborhood, Bergen county, N.J., five miles from New York, Aug. 8, 1839.
[aug10.]

EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N.J.

THE Fall Meeting over the above Course, will commence on the third Tuesday, 22d October, 1839, and continue four days.

First day (Tuesday), a sweepstake for 3 year olds, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, forfeit $100.

David M'Daniel names ch. f. Ildica by Pacific, out of Delila by Sir Archy.
James B. Kendall names gr. f. by Tranby, out of Mary Randolph by Gohanna.
Col. Wm. R. Johnson names ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Maria West.
James H. Van Mater names ch. c. Passaic, by Reveller.
Also, " " " br. c. Mercer by Emilius.

Same Day a sweepstake for 3 year olds which never won a race, sub. $300 each, forfeit $100, Mile heats,

Col. Wm. R. Johnson names b. f. by Mons Tonson, out of the dam of Catherine Davis.
David M'Daniel names ch. c. by Imp. Contract, dam by Napoleon.
James H. Van Mater names br. c. Mercer, by Emilius.
Also, " " " bl. c. Cumberland, by Camel.

Second day (Wednesday), a Purse of $1500, Four mile heats.

Same day, a sweepstake for 3 year olds which shall not have won a race previous to closing this stake. Sub. $100 each, h. ft., Mile heats, three or more to make a race, to name and close the 1st of September.

Third day (Thursday), a purse of $1000, Three mile heats.

Fourth day (Friday), a purse of $600, Two mile heats.

Several purses will also be given during the meeting, for Mile heats, &c., of which due notice will be given.

One third of each of the above purses to go to the second best, if more than *one* start,—if but *one* all to go to the winner.

When the rules of the Northern Turf do not designate the second best, the horse that is second in the last heat, will be so considered.

Entries for all purses will close at the Eagle Hotel, on the day previous to each race, at *nine* o'clock, A. M., that they may be published in the New York and Philadelphia papers, on the morning of each race—entrance 5 per cent.

Gentlemen from the Northern and Southern states, can rely on securing good stables for race-horses, by making application, or addressing a letter to the subscriber.

☞ As the New Jersey and Pennsylvania railroads have brought the Eagle Course within a few hours ride of New York and Philadelphia, far greater inducements will hereafter be offered on it, each Spring and Fall, than have heretofore been on any course *North of Louisiana*.

O. BAILEY, Secretary.

Trenton, N. J. August 9th, 1839. [aug10.]

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take plece every Tuesday and Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock in the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage.

ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

WHEELING JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting over the *Wheeling Course* will commence on Tuesday, the 2d Sept., and continue five days.

First day—A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $50 each, h. ft. To name and close 20th August. Now two subs.

Same day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft. To name and close by 1st Sept.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $50 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st Sept.

Second day—Proprietors' Purse $300, Three mile heats.

Third day—Corinthian Stake for untried horses, Mile heats, $25 entrance, sd. sd Gentlemen Riders, dressed in Jockey Club style; weight 160lbs., to close the day before the race.

Same day—For a Splendid Sett of Cut Glass, value $150, Two mile heats; entrance depending upon the number of subscribers; the winner to take the glass or the money at his option.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Purse $150, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

[jy 20] J. E. NORVELL, J. H. OLIVER, } *Proprietors.*

STAKES, PICTON COURSE, LIVINGSTON, Ala.

PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840, to run Fall Meeting of 1842, Mile heats, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 15th of November, 1839. Notes and security are required for the forfeit in all cases.

1. John Nicholls names produce of Columbia Taylor, by Medley, and Imp. Leviathan.
2. Richard Yarborough names produce of Bellona, by Stockholder, and Imp. Leviathan.
3. Wm. E Long names produce of Fanny Hill, by Stockholder, and Jerry.

2. Kinterbish Stake, free for colts and fillies (the get of horses standing in Sumter or the adjoining counties,) dropped Spring of 1840, to run Spring of 1843, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st Jan., 1841.

1. Wm. B. Ochiltree names a colt or filly the get of Pactolus.
2. Kader B. Stallings " " " " "
3. John Long names colt or filly, the get of Jerry.
4. Wm. E. Long " " " "
5. Richard Yarborough names colt or filly, the get of Pactolus.
6. James S. Jackson names colt or filly, the get of Pulaski.

3. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yr. old Spring of 1839, to run during the regular Fall Meeting, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st of Sept., 1839.

A. M. Jewell.

4. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

5. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

6. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring 1840, to run during regular Fall Meeting, 1840, Three mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by 4th of Jan., 1840.

All entries to the above Sweepstakes must be addressed to the Secretary at Livingston, Sumter Co., Alabama, and they will meet with prompt attention.

J. J. JEWELL.
June 23, 1839.—[jy 13] Secretary Livingston Jockey Club.

FILES OF THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

A FEW files for the last year remain for disposal. Gentlemen desirous of obtaining the same are advised to make early application at the Publication office, corner of Broadway and Barclay street [A6]

DRAMATIC NOTICE.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Profession, that applications for engagements for the approaching season of the Theatres in Virginia can be made to the subscriber at Richmond, Va. The perfect success of the drama, during the last season, in Virginia, has authorized the erection of a new Theatre ("Avon") in Norfolk; and that the same mutual responsibility between the lessee and *artiste* may be continued, in all engagements, therefore, *articles of agreement* will be required. Season to commence about September, and extend to about thirty weeks. Address, *post paid*,

GEORGE JONES,
Lessee and sole director of the "Marshal," "Avon," and "Petersburg" Theatres, Va.

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB FALL RACES.

THE Fall Meeting, over the *Washington Course*, will commence on Tuesday, 1st day of October, and continue four days.

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; to name and close 1st Sept.; three or more to make a race.

Same day—Purse $200, Two mile heats, free for all ages.

Second day—A Produce Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Geo. W. Duvall names produce of Thistle and Mons. Tonson.
2. Wm. D. Bowie names produce of Blue Bell and Imp. Apparition
3. C. S. W. Dorsey names produce of a Young Oscar mare and Critic
4. Thos. F. Bowie names produce of Abby Rattler and Imp. Autocrat
5. Geo. S. Sprigg names produce of Nancy Norwood and Imp. Autocrat
6. D Crawford names produce of a Zinganee mare and Marylander
7. Y. N. Oliver names produce of a Mark Anthony mare and Duke of Orleans
8. W. W. W. Bowie names produce of Lady Amelia and Imp. Autocrat
9. Wm. N. Dorsett names produce of Fanny Wright and Imp. Autocrat
10. John H. S. Sothoron names produce of Maid of Patuxent and Imp. Autocrat
11. T. R. S. Boyce names produce of Apricot and Imp. Apparition.
12. Roderick McGregor names produce of Ellen and Imp. Autocrat

Same day—Proprietor's Purse $400, Three mile heats, free for all ages.

Third day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $200 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race; to name and close as above.

Same day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Four mile heats, free for all ages.

Fourth day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race; to name and close as above.

Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats, free for all ages, ent. $25, to be added to the Purse. Entrance 5 per cent. All the above purses will be paid without discount.

EDW. J. WILSON, *Proprietor.*

N.B. Persons wishing to make entries to the above sweepstakes, will please address the Proprietor at Portsmouth, Va., or Wm. Holmead, at the course. [aug 3]

NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH JOCKEY CLUB FALL RACES.

THE Fall Meeting, over the *Norfolk Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 17th Sept., and continue four days.

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $200 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Sept.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $200, ent. $15, free for all ages, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, ent. $50, with an inside stake of $1000 each, P.P. Now three entries, and closed, to wit:

Wm. R. Johnson. | O. P. Hare. | Edw. J. Wilson.

Fourth day—A Citizens' Purse $400. Three mile heats, free for all ages.

The above purses payable without discount.

[aug 3] EDW. J. WILSON, *Proprietor.*

IMPROVED DURHAM SHORT HORNS.

MR. WHITAKER'S third sale of high bred improved Short Horns, by the Ship Napier, will be held at Powelton, near Philadelphia, on Friday, the 20th September, 1839, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The Subscriber is authorised by Col. Powell to state, that all the best cattle which he has at any time imported, and the improved Short Horns which he considered the best in England, were either in Mr. Whitaker's possession, or were derived from his fold. Col. Powell has not the slightest interest in Mr. Whitaker's sales.

C. J. WOLBERT, Auctioneer.

Philadelphia, July 15th, 1839.—[jy 20]

THE COLUMBIA S. C. ANNUAL RACES

WILL commence on the 4th Monday, 25th November, 1839, and continue throughout the week, viz:

First day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. f.; closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. Hampton names produce of Pocahontas and Argyle
2. Also, produce of Imp. mare Emma and Camel
3. J. S. Preston names produce of Imp. mare Tears and Imp. Defence
4. B. F. Taylor names produce of Betsey Robins and Argyle
5. P. M. Butler names produce of Betsey Hare and Mons. Tonson
6. J. H. Hammond names produce of Symmetry and Mons. Tonson
7. J. S. Shelton names produce of Isora and Argyle
8. James H. Adams names produce of Contention mare Barbara and Mons. Tonson
9. J. R. Spann names produce of Grey Girl and Imp. Chateau Margaux
10. Also, produce of Julia and Mucklejohn
11. J. Moore names produce of Locadia and Imp. Nonplus
12. W. Scott names produce of Vanity and Argyle
13. P. McRa names produce of Financier mare and Imp. Nonplus
14. Also, produce of Kosciusko mare and Imp. Nonplus
15. D. F. Myers names produce of Spread Eagle and Argyle
16. J. G. Guignard names produce of Empress and Mons. Tonson
17. James B. Richardson names produce of Gonhanna and Imp. Nonplus
18. P. Fitzsimmons names produce of Hetewan and Imp. Tranby
19. A. W. Roach names produce of Jessamine and Argyle
20. W. J. Taylor names produce of Lodoiska and Argyle
21. Thomas H. Henderson names produce of Pacolet mare and Alborack
22. W. L. Lewis names produce of Minna Brenda and Imp. Nonplus
23. John C. Singleton names produce of Phenomina and Imp. Nonplus
24. Also, produce of Lottery and Imp. Nonplus
25. W. L. Lewis names produce of Armand and Argyle

Same day—Hampton Plate, Two mile heats.

Second day—Four mile heats.

Third day—Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Two mile heats.

Fifth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Sixth day—Post Stake, Two mile heats, sub. $200 each.

Same day—A Colt Stake for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 ft.; three or more to make a race; to close on the 1st of October next. The Gate-money of the day will be awarded to the winner.

JOHN C. O'HANLON, *Proprietor.*

P.S. The amount of PURSES will be advertised hereafter. [jy 27]

NORTH CAROLINA FALL RACES.

THE following Sweepstakes are open to come off over the *State Course*, near Raleigh, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, to commence 1st Tuesday, 5th Nov.:—

Sweepstakes for 4 yr. old colts and fillies, two mile heats, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; four or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Oct., 1839.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $200 forfeit, two mile heats; three or more to make a race; to name and close as above.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race; to name and close as above.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, mile heats, sub. $200 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race; to name and close as above.

Spring Meeting, 1841.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, mile heats, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; to run at the Spring Meeting of 1841, and close 1st Nov., 1839. Now 6 subs.

Col. Geo. W. Polk. | J. C. Rogers. | Wm. McCargo.
Col. N. T. Green. | David McDaniel. | Col. W. Hampton.

A Produce Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., to be run at the Spring Meeting of 1843, and to name and close the 1st day of January, 1840. Now 6 subs., viz.:

Col. Jno. M. Bryan. | David McDaniel. | John White.
J. C. Rogers. | Col Wm. McCargo. | P. A. Prindle.

Address (post paid) WM. HOLLEMAN,
[jy 27-3t] *Secretary*, Raleigh, N. C.

FAUQUIER WHITE SULPHUR SPRING RACES.

THE Fall Meeting over the *Victoria Course* will take place on Tuesday, 3d September, within half a mile of the Springs.

First day—Purse $150, ent. $10, Mile heats.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, mile heats, sub. $100 each, half forfeit; to name and close the evening preceding the first day's race.

Second day—Purse $250, ent. $15, Two mile heats.

Third day—Purse $500, ent. $20, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $30, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—A Post Stake for 4 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft., to name and close the evening of the fourth day's race.

The above purses will be put up in cash at the stand by the Fauquier White Sulphur Spring Company.

SAMUEL SHELTON.
ARTHUR M. PAYNE.

N.B. Good stables and litter furnished gratis. Newmarket Rules to govern. [jy 27]

SWEEPSTAKES, CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to come off over this course during the Fall Meeting of 1839.—

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $200 ft., Two mile heats; four or more to make a race; now four subs.; to close the 1st Sept.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $200, h. ft., three or more to make a race; free only for 3 yr. olds that never won a race. To close the 1st Sept. Now three subscribers.

Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds Fall Meeting, 1839, Four mile heats, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; tthree or more to make a race. To close 1st Oct. Now two subs.

Inside Stake, free for all ages Fall Meeting, 1839, on the day of the Jockey Club Purse (and for the Jockey Club Purse), Four mile heats; to name at the Post, sub. $2000 each, P.P.; three or more to make a race. To close 1st Sept. Now two subs.

July 19th, 1839.—[jy 20] WM. N. FRIEND, *Proprietor.*

ST. LOUIS JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839, over the *St. Louis Course*, will commence on Monday, 14th October next, and continue six days.

First day—A Match between Messrs. Lane & Shacklett's *Bonny Black*, and Messrs. Uzzell & Bissell's *Molly Long*, for $500, Two miles.

Same day—A mule race, to come off immediately after the match, Two mile heats; purse $50, ent. $20, to be added to the purse. No distance in this race.

Second day—A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. Now two subs.

Third day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100 each, h. ft., Two mile heats. Now three subs. The two preceding sweepstakes to name and close by the 1st August next

Fourth day—Proprietor's Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse, $1000, Four mile heats.

The entrance required for the above purses, is ten per cent. on the amount of the respective purses.

Sixth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5, for the *St. Louis Plate*, valued at $200. The entrance to depend on the number of entries made.

☞ The above races are free for any horse, mare, or gelding.

☞ All persons wishing to enter into the above sweepstakes, will direct to the proprietor, at this place, and at the same time remit a forfeit note, which letter must be mailed on or before the time the stakes close.

☞ Several improvements have been made on the course since the Spring Meeting: among which is one that will add greatly to the safety of running, by an entire enclosure for the inside circle. Stables will be furnished on application.

BENJAMIN AMES, *Secretary* and *Proprietor.*

N. B. There is a trainer of respectable character located on the track, who will undertake the training of horses for gentlemen, on moderate terms, and give the most unquestionable guarantee in regard to capability and probity of character.

☞ Heretofore, *two* courses have been in operation near this city, and the subscriber deems it imperative to state that, as far as the St. Louis Course has been concerned, the purses have been promptly paid. [jy 20] B. AMES.

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

No 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient and well-furnished: and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New York abounds.

EDSALL & JONES.

N.B.—For accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the night. [Mar16-tf]

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following stock, which comprises the purest and most fashionable strains of blood, will be sold at Nashville, Tenn., during the ensuing Fall Meeting of the Jockey Club, not otherwise disposed of.

No. 1. *Anvil*, br. h. 9 yrs. old, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella, by Sir Archy, the dam of Picton, Drone, Martha Washington, and others.

2. *Darwin*, ch. c. 4 yrs., by Henry Tonson, out of the dam of Lilac and Tishimingo, by Sir Archy.

3. *Phantom*, b. c. 4 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Imported Phantomia, (dam of Anna Maria.)

4. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson. See No. 14.

5. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Tenn. Oscar, g. d. by old Pacolet, g. g. d by Imp. Cœur de Lion, g. g. g. d. by Grey Medley (Barry's), g. g. g. g. d. by Celer, &c. &c.

6. B. c. 2 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Kosciusko, and she out of Col. Singleton's Imp. Psyche.

7. B. c. *Chevalier*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Minerva Chance, by Multum in Parvo; Minerva Chance is also the dam of Black Knight, who ran with Boston a four mile race at the Washington City Spring races; for her pedigree in full, see list of Hon. Daniel Jennifer's stock.

8. B. c. *Harry Hill*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Imp. Anna Maria.

9. Ch. c. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Clifton, by Wickham's Richmond, and she out of Lady Teazle, by Imp. Peter Teazle; her dam Cora, by Dr. Wm. Thornton's Imp. Driver, out of the full sister to the celebrated race-horse Nantoaka, by Hall's Imp. Eclipse. Lady Clifton is the property of Col. Bowie, of Md.

BROOD MARES.

No. 10. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, and her br. f. foal by Imp. Luzborough, called *Great Western*—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

11. *Maria Shepherd*, (dam of Lilac,) and her b. c. foal *Hector*, by Imp. Priam—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

12. Imp. Anna Maria, out of Imp. Phantomia, and her ch. c. by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip.

13. Ch. m. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g. d. by Imp. Shark—Goode's Twigg—Fearnaught—Jolly Roger—Mark Anthony—Imp. Monkey; and her foal by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip

14. *Magnolia*, now stinted to Eclipse, and her foal by Imp. Leviathan. Magnolia is by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Kosciusko or Saxe Weimar, and she out of Col. Singleton's famous mare Psyche—a racing pedigree on both sides.

15. *Bernice*, b. m. out of old Madame Tonson, by Sir Archy, Junr., and her foal by Anvil—stinted to Marshal Ney [see Edgar's Stud Book].

16. *Pantinelli*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, out of Pocahontas by old Pacolet, referred to in No. 5.

17. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Priam, out of No. 13.

18. B. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of Imp. Anna Maria.

19. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia (No. 14.)

20. *Tennessee*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Felt, out of No. 15.

21. Br. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of same (No. 15).

22. Ch. h. 5 yrs., Livingston by Crusader, out of Patty Puff by old Pacolet (dam of Angora), belonging to Rev. H. M. Cryer, R. S. Wooding, and B. Peyton.

23. B. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Minerva Chance. See No. 7.

24. *Minerva Chance*, b. m. by Multum in Parvo, etc. see No. 7.

Applications, if by letter, to be addressed to me until 1st July, to New Orleans, and after that time to Gallatin, Tennessee. BALIE PEYTON.

May 27, 1839.

THE ALABAMA STAKES.

THE undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day after the "Peyton Stakes," for colts and fillies then 4 years old, for $2000 each, half forfeit; or $500 if declared the 1st January, 1841; *Three Mile Heats*, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race, the second horse to be entitled to his stake; to close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st of January, 1841, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson, R. K. Polk, Jas. W. Camp
T. Watson, Samuel Ragland, E. H. Boardman,
Lucius J. Polk, Nicholas Davis, George Elliott.

The Trial Stakes.

The undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day previous to the "Peyton Stakes," with the produce of mares covered in 1839, for $1000 each, half forfeit, or $250 if declared the 1st January, 1842; Two Mile heats, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race; the second horse to be entitled to his stake. To close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st January, 1842, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson, Lucius J. Polk, Nicholas Davis,
Samuel Ragland, William H. Polk, by } E. H. Boardman,
T. Watson, Lucius J. Polk, } James W. Camp,
Willis H. Boddie, R. K. Polk, Hickman Lewis.
L. P. Cheatham,

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to either of the above stakes should address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Jockey Club, Nashville, Tennessee, to whom the nominations are also to be forwarded. [j22.]

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard

NEW ORLEANS FALL RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are open over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, to commence first Tuesday in December.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To name and close 1st of July, 1839. Now 6 subs., viz.:

Y. N. Oliver, | Duncan F. Kenner, | George M. Long.
Fergus Duplantier, | W. J. Minor, | A. L. Bingaman.

Spring Meeting, 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To run at the Spring Meeting of 1840; and close the 1st of January next. Now 6 subs., viz.:

W. T. Minor, | Fergus Duplantier, | T. J. Wells,
Y. N. Oliver, | G. N. Sanders, | A. L. Bingaman.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, subs. $1000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st of Jan. 1840. Now 2 subs.

Duncan F. Kenner names imp. ch. f. by Langar, out of Annot Lyle by Ashton.

Address (post paid) [my4] J. R. STERRITT, New Orleans.

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839, over the Bascombe Course, will commence on the last Tuesday, 26th November, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, $200 ft., two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st Oct., 1839. Now 3 subs

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, P. P., Mile heats. Five or more to make a race. To close 1st Oct., and name at the post.

Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to either of the Secretaries, or to the proprietor, at Mobile (*post paid*).

Good stabling and litter furnished gratis. D. STEPHENSON, Proprietor.

Mobile, 4th April, 1839.—[tOct1]

KENDALL COURSE, BALTIMORE.

THE Races over this course will take place on Monday, the 7th October, and continue six days. From the great encouragement met with the last season, the Proprietor will offer increased inducements to visit the Kendall Course. The purses will be augmented, both in number and amount. The particulars in due time. The following sweepstakes are now open to be run over this course:—

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to run Fall Meeting of 1839, sub. $500 each, $200 ft., Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Sept. next; three or more to make a race. Now one subscriber, to wit: Wm. R. Johnson.

Sweepstakes as above, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Now two subscribers, to wit:

Wm. R. Johnson, David McDaniel.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that never started in a public race, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close as above. Now two subscribers, to wit:

Wm. R. Johnson, David McDaniel.

And to cap the climax, we have the Pete Whetstone Stakes, now opened and written by his own hand, to wit:—A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1838; to run Spring of 1841, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft. To name and close 1st January, 1840. Now six subscribers, and fifty more expected. The present subscribers are:—

1. C. F. M. Noland names f. by Imp. Cetus, out of Nell Gwynne by Rattler.
2. Edward H. Pentleton names b. c. by Andrew, out of Miss Phillips.
3. Jas. B. Kendall.
4. Francis Thompson.
5. Wm. T. Mason names b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla, Jr.
6. David McDaniel.

Breeders and racers desirous of subscribing to the above Stakes, will address the subscriber, at Baltimore. JAS. B. KENDALL, *Proprietor*.

June 17, 1839.—[June 22]

AUGUSTA (Ga.) RACES, LAFAYETTE COURSE.

THE Annual Races will come off over The Lafayette Course, the 2d week in December next, when the following purses will be offered:

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday previous to the above annual Meeting, a Poststake, free for all ages, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; Four mile heats. Four or more to make a race; to close on the 1st day of Aug. next. Now 2 subs.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; Two mile heats. Seven subs. and closed.

Also, a Poststake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. To close 1st day of Oct. next; three or more to make a race. Now 1 sub.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, dropped Spring of 1837, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., to come off the day preceding the first annual Meeting in 1840. To which are 7 subs., and closed.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to be run the meeting of 1840; sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. Three or more to make a race; to name and close at our annual Meeting in 1839. Now 5 subs.

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies 3 yrs. old the Spring of 1841, to run in the Fall afterwards, Two mile heats, over the Lafayette Course, sub $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close at the annual Meeting in 1840. Now 4 subs.

Also, a Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, to run the Fall of 1842, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; to which are 8 subs., and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton names ch. f. by Emancipation, out of Imp. Lucy by Cain.
Iverson & Bonner name produce of Count Zaldivar's dam and John Bascombe
John D. Kirby names produce of Imp. Invalid and Imp. Priam
Col. John Crowell names produce of Bolivia and John Bascombe
Edmonson & Long name produce of Eliza Drake and Imp. Chateau Margaux
Thos. H. D. Van Landingham names produce of Amy Hampton and John Bascombe
John C. O. Hanlin names produce of Jane Bertrand and Imp. Luzborough
Augustus Lamkin names produce of Ione and Turnbull

The subscribers to the above Produce stake are requested to give a description of thei colts as early as possible, to G. EDMONSON, *Cor. Sec'y.*

1aJun

J. CONROY'S
FISHING TACKLE STORE,
No. 52 Fulton, (corner of Cliff Street,) New York. [j22,tf.]

AMERICAN

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

EDITED BY WILLIAM T. PORTER,

And published Monthly in the City of New York, at Five Dollars per annum,

FROM THE OFFICE OF "THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

Embellished with Superb Engravings on Steel.

THIS work is now published with punctuality on the first day of each month, from the Office of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," corner of Broadway and Barclay street, New York, and Seven Numbers of the 10th Volume have already been issued; the 8th No. will appear on the 1st of August, embellished with TWO STEEL ENGRAVINGS, executed expressly for this work. Each number contains sixty-four pages of imperial octavo size, beautifully printed on new type on paper of the finest fabric; a superb ENGRAVING *on Steel Plate* accompanies each number, rendering it one of the handsomest and most elegantly embellished magazines in the United States.

The following articles and embellishments, among an infinite variety of interesting matter, have appeared since the transfer of the "Register" to New York:—

The First Number (double) for JANUARY and FEBRUARY, was embellished with three fine Steel Engravings: the celebrated horse "HARKAWAY," by DICK, after Turner, "TROUT FISHING ON LONG ISLAND," by HINSHILWOOD, after Jackson, and "ENGLISH ECLIPSE," by O. P. Q., after Stubbs.

Contents of No. I. and II.—Memoir of Harkaway, by the Editor; The Godolphin Arabian, by M. Sue; On Breeding for the Turf, by Phœnix; A Sacondaga Deer Hunt, by Charles F. Hoffman, Esq.; Trout Fishing on Long Island, by the Editor; The English Racing Season for 1838; by Craven; Essay on Leicester and South Down Sheep, by L. Tucker, Esq.; The Louisiana Turf, by A.; Continental Sporting, by Nimrod; American Racing Calendar of 1839; Alphabetical List of Winning Horses in 1838, at all distances; The High Prices of Stallions; Blood will Come out; Horse Letter Writers; Remedy for Bots or Grubs, and Cholic; Register of Pedigrees; Essay on English Eclipse, by the Editor; together with highly interesting articles by F. P. Delme Radcliffe, Esq.; M. M. Milburn, Esq., "A." "D. M. G." W. G. Allan, Esq., "Asmodeus," &c. &c.

The Second Number (double) for MARCH and APRIL was embellished with two superb Engravings on Steel: the celebrated horse "PLENIPOTENTIARY," by Dick, after Turner, and "D'ORSAY AND HIS TRAINEAU," by Dick, after Aubrey.

Contents of No. III. and IV.—Memoir of Plenipo, by the Editor; Native and Imported Stock, by Jersey; Oriental Field Sports; D'Orsay and his Traineau, by A New Contributor; Killing Trout out of Season; On Bridling and Bitting Horses; Notes of the Month, by the Editor; Turfiana, by the Editor of the London New Sporting Magazine; Racing in Russia; Memoir of Imp Belshazzar; On Arab Horses; English Popular Racing Stallions; Alphabetical List of American Winning Horses in 1838; Familiar Anatomy of the Horse; Memoir of Imp. Philip; A Maryland Fox Hunt; The late Match in Virginia; Salmon Fishing in Canada, by Piscator; On Shoeing Horses, by Charles Vail de Saint Bel; Sales of Blood Stock; Boat Song; New Theory of Stallions; together with articles of great practical utility by "Peter Simple," Chas. F. Hoffman, Esq., "T. A." "Uncle Toby," Craven, &c. &c.

The Third Number (double) for MAY and JUNE, was embellished with two costly Engravings, "A FOREST JOUST," by Dick, after Landseer, and FLY-FISHING, by Dick, after Cooper.

Contents of No. V. and VI.—Stable Economy, by Prof. Stewart; On Training, by Expedition; Fly-Fishing, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands, by Frank Forester; How to Buy a Horse; Observations on the Spring Campaign; Comparison of the Speed of Horses; Deer Stalking, by William Scrope, Esq.; The Handley Cross Hounds; The Washington and Baltimore Races; Register of Pedigrees; Racing Calendar of 1839; The Blood Hound; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, with various sporting articles from the practised pens of "Piscator," Professor Stewart, "Kunegos," &c. &c.

The Seventh Number, for JULY, was embellished with a costly and elaborately executed Engraving of DON JOHN, by Prud'homme, after Herring.

Contents of No. VII.—Memoir of Don John, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands (continued), by Frank Forester; Ten Minutes Run with a Wolf, by "Kunegos;" How to Buy a Horse, by An Amateur; Notes of the Month; Turfiana; American Sporting Gallery; The Canadian Hunter to his Horse, by J. H. Willis, Esq., On Acclimating Cattle in Louisiana, by Dr J. S.; Sand Eating by Horses; Epistle to the Editor, by an Old Reader, &c., together with the usual variety of Sporting matter.

The Eighth Number, for AUGUST, was embellished with two handsome engravings; A Portrait of Mr. Stevens' JANETTE, on Steel, by Dick, after Troye, and RUNNING THE THING INTO THE GROUND, also on Steel, by Dick, after Landseer.

Contents of No. VIII.—Janette and her Memoir, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Third; Collincomania, by J. Cypress, Jr.; Authentic Account of the Godolphin Arabian, by Centaur; Comparison of the Speed of Horses, by Semex; Sporting Reminiscences of the late Dr. T., by Amicus; Luzborough and his get, by "J."; The Ass Race, by Thos. Hood; The American Turf and its Chronicling, by the Editor of the London Sporting Magazine, Tychicus and Autocrat, by "Justice;" Further Observations on the Spring Campaign, by "Observer;" The New Theory of Stallions, by Pendleton; Reminiscences of the Spring Campaign, by "N." of Arkansas; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, &c. &c.

In the First Number was commenced an AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR FOR 1839, with Omissions in the Racing Calendar for 1838, and "NOTES OF THE MONTH," by the Editor, forming a running commentary on the various subjects of Sporting News and conversation of the day, all which are continued in the subsequent numbers. Since the work has fallen into the hands of the present editor, a great number of gentlemen, known to the Sporting World, as Breeders and Turfmen, have volunteered the aid of their gifted pens as contributors, so as to have imparted an original character and new interest to the Magazine. Its contents are entirely different from those of the "Spirit of the Times," though published in the same office; the facilities enjoyed by the proprietors of the weekly paper for collecting early information, and for the successful prosecution of their enterprises, enable them to expend a far greater amount of money upon the Magazine than its subscription list would otherwise warrant, were it doubled; the connection alone sustains them, and they are happy to add, that since it took place, a large number of he subscribers to their weekly paper have also subscribed to the Magazine.

The American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine will continue to be published at the old price—Five dollars per annam in advance,—notwithstanding its present style of publication is attended with an expense nearly double that heretofore laid out upon it. The publishers rely with entire confidence upon a commensurate support from the friends of The Turf and the Agricultural Interest generally, and beg to assure them that while in their hands their exertions to increase its value and usefulness shall never flag.

As no local agents are employed by the present publishers, it is requested that Communications and Subscriptions be addressed directly to

WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

New York, July 22, 1839.

CROSS KEYS COURSE, SOUTHAMPTON CO., Va.

THE races over this course will commence the 3d Tuesday, 17th September, 1839, and continue four days.

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $150 each, h. ft., Mile heats, to name and close the 1st day of Sept. next; three or more to make a race. Now two subscribers.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $300, free of discount, $15 entrance.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $500, free of discount, $20 ent.

Fourth day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that never won a race, Mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft. To name and close the 1st day of Sept. 1839. Three or more to make a race.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, One mile, sub. $100 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. Now two subs., and many more expected.

Entries made to any of the above stakes will be addressed to SAMPSON C. RUSE, Proprietor, Boykin's Depot, Southampton County, Virginia.

GEORGE B. CARY, President.
ROBT. RIDLEY, 1st Vice President.
C. D. BARHAM, Secretary. JAS. S. FRENCH, 2d Vice President.

July 12, 1839.—[jy 20]

CINCINNATI JOCKEY CLUB.

THE FALL MEETING OF 1839 will commence on Tuesday, 10th September, and continue five days.

First day—Ohio Stallion Stake, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft.: four or more to make a race; a splendid Silver Pitcher, of the value of $100, to be added by the Proprietor; second best to get back his stake; to name and close by the 15th Aug.

To this race six subscribers are expected.

Same day—Ohio Breeders' Plate, value $200, for three year olds, free only for those bred in the State of Ohio, and Campbell County, Kentucky; Mile heats.

Second day—The Breeders' Plate, value $500, Two mile heats, a Beautiful Tea Sett (Silver), the amount of entrance to be governed by the number. To this plate the proprietor makes an entry.

Same day—A Post Stake for 3 year olds, Mile heats, sub. $100 each, the entry to be made at 4 o'clock the day previous to the Race, to name at the Judges' Stand, previous to the hour of starting.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.

If three or more start, the second best to receive $120 out of the purse. If not three, the winner to receive $480.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

If three or more start, the second best to receive $200 out of the purse. If not three, the winner to receive $800.

Fifth day—Proprietor's Purse $400 in Gold. Mile heats.

If three or more start the second best to receive $100 out of this purse. If not three, the winner to receive $300 in gold.

20th June, 1839.—[Jy 6] LEWIS SANDERS, Agent.

FILES OF THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

A FEW files for the last year remain for disposal. Gentlemen desirous of obtaining the same are advised to make early application at the Publication office, corner of Broadway and Barclay street [A6]

CINCINNATI FALL MEETING.

AN EXTRA PURSE OFFERED—$500 IN AMERICAN GOLD.—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to be run for over the Cincinnati Course, on Monday, the 9th Sept., Two mile heats; subscription $100 each, h. ft. Ten or more to make a race. Each subscriber to pay $25 to the Proprietor in aid of the purse, which is to be $500 in American Gold, hung up at the Judges' Stand.

If three start the second best to receive $200 out of the stake; if four or more start, the third best to receive $100 out of the stake; the balance of the stake and the Purse goes to the winner. To name and close on or before the 15th Aug. In naming, the subscriber will forward the same to Lewis Sanders, Recording Secretary, Cincinnati, dated on the letter where it is mailed previous to 15th Aug. LEWIS SANDERS, Agent.

June 24, 1839.—[Jy 6]

SYMMES* STAKES.

THE subscribers agree to run a Sweepstake Race over the Cincinnati Course, to be named the "Symmes Stake" on the first day of the Fall Meeting in 1840, in 1841, and in 1842, Two mile heats, for colts and fillies to be 3 years old the respective dates, $300 ent., $100 forfeit, to name and close the 1st day of April in each year; the Proprietor to add a *Gold Cup* (appropriately embellished) value $250; the second best to get back the stake paid by it.

June, 1839.—[Jy 6–6t]

* Col. J. C. Symmes, who settled the Cincinnati district.

BROOD MARE FOR SALE.

THE well known race mare *Frolic*; got by Am. Eclipse, out of the celebrated race mare Betsey Ransom, by Virginian, with a yearling filly foal at her side, by the Imp. horse Trustee, to which horse the mare is also stinted. The mare is a large sized roomy mare for breeding, and the foal is one of great promise; the owner is induced to part with them only on account of having sold his farm.

They can be had, if applied for immediately, at the low price of $500 together.

For further particulars apply to GEO. W. MILLER, New York Tattersall's, or to the Editor of this paper. [July 6–5t]

WANTED,

A SITUATION as trainer and rider by a young man, aged 26 years, who can ride 104lbs. He is in possession of the best credentials as respects his character and ability, from many of the most distinguished gentlemen in England. A note left at the Office of this Paper, addressed to Martin Lawler, stating where an interview may be had, will mee with immediate attention, or enquiry may be made there for further particulars. [my4–tf]

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensborough, Ala., four mile heats, on the Monday previous to the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $2000 each, $500 ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of September, 1839.

Jno. J. Burton | Rich'd H. Long
Henry A. Tayloe |

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $1000 each, P.P., four or more to make a race. Henry A. Tayloe.

Sweepstakes.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting, on said Course, the Spring of 1840. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., four or more to make a race. Stake to close and name 1st day of March, 1840.

Dr. Robt. W. Withers.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the fourth day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, fall of 1839. Subscription $500 each, $200 ft., three or more to make a race, stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Henry A Tayloe | Jno. J. Burton

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, One mile, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Jno. J. Burton
Col. Jas. Lankford |

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., three or more to make a race. To name and close on the 1st day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Henry W. Reese
J. J. Burton |

Nominations to the above stakes are to be addressed to

[June1] HENRY A. TAYLOE, Macon, Marengo Co., Ala

THE PEYTON STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse and Imp. Luzborough.
2. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
3. James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19. Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill.
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brother of Va. name the produce of Robt. C. Williamson's Imp] mare Pera by Sultan and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam.
30. John C. Rodgers of N. C. names the produce of Maria West by Marion, and Andrew.

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times. [F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville J: C.

SWEEPSTAKES, EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

A SWEEPSTAKES for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, subscription $300 each, $100 forfeit; three or more to make a race; to name and close 1st of August. Now two subscribers, viz: David McDaniel, Jas. B. Kendall.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that have never won, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race; to name and close as above. Now one subscriber, viz.: Col. Wm. R. Johnson.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that have never won, Mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race; to name and close as above.

A list of the entries to the above Sweepstakes will be published in the "Spirit of the Times," immediately after the 1st of August.

☞ The Fall Meeting will commence on the Second Tuesday following the Fall Races over the Kendall Course. Purses, $1500, Four mile heats; $1000, Three mile heats; $600, Two mile heats, &c. &c. One third of each purse to go to the second best, if more than one start—if but *one* all to go to the winner. Entrance 5 per cent.

When the rules of the Northern Turf do not determine which is second best, the horse that is second in the last heat will be so considered. O. BAILEY, *Secretary*.

Trenton, N. J., July 11, 1839.—[jy 13]

BUCKEYE STAKE.

THE subscribers agree to run a Sweepstake Race over the Cincinnati Course, to be named the "Buckeye Stake," on the first day of the Spring Meeting in 1840, in 1841, and in 1842, Mile heats, for colts and fillies to be three years old the respective dates, $300 entrance, $100 ft., to name and close the 1st day of January in each year; the Proprietor to add a *Gold Cup* (appropriately embellished) value $250; the second best to get back the stake paid by it.

June, 1839.—[Jy 6–6t]

PRODUCE STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1840, over the Victoria Course, (Fauquier, White Sulphur Springs,) Va., Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 forfeit; to name and close 1st January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Dr. Lufborough names produce of Vixen, by Rob Roy, and St. Leger.
2. Robert E. Lee names produce of Maria, by Contention, and Imp. Priam.
3. Also, produce of a Sir Charles mare and Imp. Felt.
4. A. M. Payne names produce of Ruth, by Medley, and Imp. Emancipation.
5. Also, produce of Emily, by Sir Charles, and Imp. Emancipation.
6. R. E. Scott names produce of Mazeppa's dam and Imp. Priam.
7. Hector Bell names produce of Slender, by Industry, and Imp. Emancipation.
8. John Baker names produce of Linnet, by Rob Roy, and Imp. Felt.
9. Wm. L. White names produce of Imp. My Lady, by Comus, and Imp. Priam.
10. Also, produce of Corset and Imp. Priam.
11. Thomas Doswell names produce of Eliza Whorton and Pamunky.
12. McCargo and Duvall.

Persons wishing to become subscribers to the above Stake will address the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times." [jy13]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

S. J. SYLVESTER.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of *5l.*, *10l.*, *15l.*, *26l.*, to *1000l.*, (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates, and funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders, however distant, meet the same attention as personal application.

☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector must be addressed to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street.

PARK THEATRE.

The public is respectfully informed that this theatre will be closed after this evening, for the purpose of repainting and cleaning, and will open again on Thursday, Aug. 22d.

Ladies and gentlemen engaged at this establishment, are requested to meet in the Green Room of the theatre, on Monday, Aug. 19.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

This Theatre will open, for the season, under the management of Mr. J. W. WALLACK, on Monday, the 19th instant, with Mr. FORREST in one of his most popular characters. During the recess the house has been painted and cleaned throughout. The seats, both in the boxes and pit, have been newly and handsomely covered, and such other alterations and improvements have been made as cannot but render this the most comfortable and the handsomest theatre in the Union. Applications for season tickets of which only a limited number will be issued, and for private boxes, can be made at the Box Office, between the hours of two and three daily, until Monday, after which time the office will be open the usual hours, from 10 till 4.

☞ The ladies and gentlemen engaged at the National Theatre, are requested to meet in the Green Room, on Tuesday, 13th inst., at 12 o'clock, prior to opening for the season, on Monday, 19th inst. W. MITCHELL, Stage Manager.

ST. LOUIS AND MOBILE THEATRES.

The Fall season in St. Louis (Missouri), will commence on Monday, the 12th instant, and close about the 25th October. That in Mobile will begin early in November, and end about the 25th of March. The Spring season of 1840 (in St. Louis), will commence about the 1st April, and continue until the 4th of July. We suggest to such STARS as may wish to perform in either city, that an early intimation of their wishes may be necessary to secure engagements with us—as heretofore it has been impossible to receive *all* the performers of eminence who have visited the south and west, in consequence of the nights applied for having far exceeded the number we have had it in our power to devote to Stars. Address us at St. Louis until the 15th of October, and after that date, at Mobile.

[aug10-3t] LUDLOW & SMITH.

Things Theatrical.

We are indebted to the Albion of last week—a paper, by the way, no department of which is better sustained than the theatrical—for the official promulgation of the Park engagements for the approaching autumn season. Rumor had already indicated the most celebrated individuals of the fourteen announced as absolutely engaged, but it may interest the reader to see the list entire :—

1. Miss Maywood, daughter of Mr. Maywood, of the Chesnut-street theatre, Philadelphia, and who has made so capital a hit in London, is now on her way across the Atlantic, and will take the lead in tragedy of the younger cast.
2. Miss Inverarity. Prima Donna Soprano.
3. Miss Poole. Contralto. This young lady is the pet of the London public : she is admired as much for her talents as for her personal beauty, and both are rare ; added to which she is as good as she is beautiful, and comes recommended to the manager's especial care and protection.
4. Mr. Giubelei. Primo Basso.
5. Mr. Martin. Second Basso.
6. Mr. Manvers. Tenor. From Covent Garden, where he is held in high estimation.
7. Mr. Eliason. Conductor of the Orchestra, a musician highly celebrated in Europe.
8. Mr. Thomas. Leader of the Orchestra. Late Leader at Covent Garden.
9. Mr. Power. Well known !
10. Mrs. Fitzwilliam. The best general actress in England.
11. Madame Giubelei Proch. A first rate danceuse, and now performing at the Italian Opera, in the first rank with *the* Taglioni.

All the above are stars, and their engagements are positive. Besides whom, there are engaged for the stock company—

12. Mr. Cressfield. Considered to be one of the best general actors in England, but excelling chiefly in tragedy.
13. Mrs. Cressfield. Excellent in *Soubrettes* and general comedy.
14. Mr. Shaw. From the Bath theatre ; excellent in heavy business. With several others of approved sufficiency for the stock company.

It must be confessed by the most inveterate croaker that the management have at last done something worthy of the ancient reputation of the house. The strength is confined to light comedy, music, and the ballet, however, for we think it will be difficult to do tragedy, "even of the younger cast," with any force which can be named from the above catalogue and the present stock company. Miss Maywood at least will find it no easy task to sustain the name which has already been challenged for her by puffs preliminary in ever so many journals. But of her more anon.

We are rejoiced to see the effort which is making to engraft Opera yet more extensively upon our popular amusements. In no accomplishment is the education of young Americans so deficient as in music. A partial remedy is the constant support of an operatic company in our principal cities, whence taste and knowledge may ultimately be diffused so extensively as to call for more uniform attention to the subject in all respectable, as well as the ultra-fashionable, schools. It was rumored that we were to have Mr. Templeton for our tenor ; unfortunately he is not to be had. Of Mr. Manvers, who is engaged for that business, from Drury Lane, we do not remember to have before heard.

But the engagements actually entered into are as nothing compared with those which are in the contemplation of Mr. Price. Macready, Albertazzi, Mrs. Nesbitt, and Gilbert, the dancer, have been solicited to come over. If they can be induced to come, we should like to know what they would have left in England (purely English), premising Wallack will have Charles Kean and Vandenhoff. There can be no doubt next season will be the most brilliant one in the annals of the stage in this country. No one would be surprised if the system were unable to bear quite so severe a pressure of expense—if some of the houses to be opened in September should close before August. But that is the managers' affair, not ours. We do not even fear an ultimate injury to the drama from a few blow-ups. The stage resembles in one respect newspaper publishing—no mishaps of predecessors ever deter others from venturing upon the hazardous career. They are unlike any other kind of business in this respect, and there would seem to be some ingrained principle of action which drives men to manage theatres and start newspapers, which is quite independent of the influence of others' experience. It would require a large slate and a long pencil to write down the names of all the managers who have opened theatres in New York even in our time ;—it would require hardly less of writing materials to record all the failures. There is no fear, therefore, that by overdoing the business next season, that in the succeeding one we shall be any worse off for amusement. Crush one manager, and others spring up like the heads of the hydra which Mr. Hercules scotched a great while ago.

By reference to the card, it will be seen that the National re-opens next Monday week with Mr. FORREST. Wallack will be home ere that time, and we shall know more of his engagements than we now do. To name those only which we know he has made would hardly do justice to the attraction he is sure to give us ; to conjecture what he may do might only arouse expectations, liable to be disappointed. It will be seen by the following from *The Times* of yesterday, that workmen have been busy upon the interior of the house :—

The interior of the house has been renovated throughout. Boxes, pit, gallery, saloons, and lobbies have been painted, prepared, ornamented, and made both clean and beautiful. The backs of the boxes have been covered with a rich crimson paper, and the seats with crimson damask. The columns have been painted white, relieved by gold wire leaves and burnished gold caps. The chandeliers have heavy drops around them, and all the panel around the boxes, before red and blue, are now changed to white. Two of the private boxes have been removed, with a view to the enlargement of the second tier, so as to give greater accommodation to the public. Rich silk damask curtains, with yellow crimson binding and fringe, and heavy tassels, held by richly gilt hands, have been substituted in the place of the old and faded appurtenances of the private boxes of last season.

The ground of the unrivalled and splendid dome of this theatre has been changed from grey to white.

The proscenium is now of a beautiful white ; the doors are richly ornamented, and the new *tormentors*, or wings nearest to the audience, painted by Bengough to correspond with the new drapery over the proscenium, have been put up.

The pit has been thoroughly cleansed and painted, and the whole of the seats covered with crimson.

FRANK McCLURE.

The death of this actor, in the West, has been recently announced in the newspapers,—and the knell of mortality has seldom sent a heavier stroke to "the Chronicles of the times" in this country, than the peal which rang the death of McClure.

Mr. M. was the son of a respectable merchant in the city of New York, and early enthusiasm in dramatic literature, brought him upon the Stage. But he mistook his *role*. He was, 'tis true, a comic actor of much merit ; but those who knew him—those who could fathom the depth of his philosophic mind—could accompany him in his brilliant though erratic flights of imagination,—can alone appreciate the character of the dead man.

If mind alone could have made a great actor, McClure would have been one : but humiliating as the confession is, the experience of every day convinces us that physical capabilities in many instances, as among some native actors,—or vulgar, affected, imitated mannerism, among our money-making visiters from abroad,—are alone successful in this country, and degrade the drama in many respects to the level of a Buenos Ayrean bull-ring.

It is stated that a clergyman was summoned to perform the last rites over the remains of the deceased—and that the disciple of "the meek and lowly Jesus" *refused*,—refused, because the departed had been an actor. I do not, Mr. Editor, ask you or any of your readers to partake my feelings, or endorse my sentiments ; but I am free to declare, that I cannot find words to express the loathing detestation I feel for this *Reverend* fanatic. A most pestilent hypocrite, who fattens his bloated carcase by preaching to his credulous dupes, "peace on earth and good will to men,"—yet when one of the clearest of the divine commands—"charity to our brethren"—is the question, this intolerant worldling endeavours still further to gull his infatuated flock by parading his holy horror in denying the ceremony of sepulture to one whose profession boasts far greater antiquity than his own,—a profession from which all religious worship directly sprang.

Let us hope, for the honor of the faith we profess, that such expounders of the Law Ecclesiastical, are rare,—that a better spirit pervades most Christians, if not the teachers of christianity ; and that wholesome justice should be dealt to this "false light," let your thousands of readers in every part of this wide country, bear in mind the name of the REVEREND MR. FITCH, an Episcopal clergyman.

AN ACTOR.

Aug. 6th.

SALE EXTRAORDINARY.

"The sad remains of beauty once admired"—the dresses, ornaments, gewgaws and trinkets—which were once wont to beautify the person of the well-known tragedian *Thomas Cooper, Esq.*, were all sold at auction, by Jesse Cady, on Monday last, he and his daughter having abandoned the *stage* and entered upon the *field* of Morus Multicaulis culture.

It may in many awaken some reminiscences of by-gone times, and to others prove not uninteresting, if we give the prices at which some of the veteran's "*regimentals*" were disposed of.

The whole stock was divided into 194 lots, some of which contained several, and others but a single article.

No. 34 was a crimson satin Spanish shape, richly trimmed with spangles and studs, slashed with blue silk and satin,	$15 00
Further on in the catalogue was a costly and magnificent Regal Shirt, splendidly trim'd with silver and spangles,	35 00
A green cloth Regal Shirt, with white kersey under shirt, full sleeves, richly spangled and trim'd with steel studs, spangles and leather,	45 00
A splendid black silk velvet Hamlet Dress Jacket, fly trunks and mantle, most magnificently bugled,	75 00
A splendid white cloth Greek Dress, richly trim'd with spangles and studs, crimson shirt and white do. trim'd,	35 00
A buff kersey and purple velvet Roman Dress; elegantly spangled and trim'd with lions heads,	35 00
A splendid Coat trim'd with silver, a pair of breeches, and a foilstone spangled vest for Sir Peter Teazle,	17 00
Lot No. 100 was a splendid suit of chain and stud armour complete, shoes, gauntlets, leg and knee pieces, all complete,	46 00
A complete Sir John Fallstaff's Dress, with stuffing and breastplate, hat, feathers, &c.	25 00

A handsome Greek sword, of a very antique pattern, richly mounted with silver, and cost when new $80, was knocked down to Edwin Forrest at $15. A genuine Indian Tomahawk was also purchased by Mr. Forrest. Cour. & Enq.

THE REVIVAL OF HENRY THE FIFTH.

The final triumph of Mr. Macready's managerial career was achieved on Monday night (June 10), before the most crowded and enthusiastic audience we have ever seen assembled within the walls of a theatre ; when the same resources which have been devoted to the illustration of Shakspeare's scenes of imagination and passion, were brought in aid of those scenic chronicles in which our great poet has set down the glories of our common country. It was a happy thought to close in this way the brief but glorious reign of the national drama in what is called the National Theatre.

> "Small time, but in that small, most greatly liv'd
> This star of England!"

What is to follow, what ominous eclipse is now hanging over us, what may be the danger or what the safety, we cannot even pretend to guess. Only we think that Mr. Francis Moore, physician, would be disposed to offer a remark of this kind—

> Season—1839-1840. Let Shakspeare and the stage now look to themselves !

King Henry the Fifth was the play selected, and the "warlike Harry" was presented "like himself." This will be best understood by a glance at the fashion of his presentation hitherto.

Shakspeare's historical plays have never been attractive, for the simple and sufficient reason that as historical plays, dramatic histories, they have never been performed. The last time we saw one under the *ancien regime*,—and it was this very play of Henry, though we have some difficulty in recalling its mean shadow through the brilliant picture that now fills our mind—the archbishop of several centuries before Luther figured in full-blown lawn, and the Majesty of France, in boots a la Louis Quatorze, handled in the manner of an auctioneer's hammer what seemed to be designed for a regal truncheon. The power of England, under a shabby painted flag, mustered in the shape of some seven ragged supernumeraries ; the might of France, flagless and bannerless, crawled on in three. A trumpet and drum expressed the fiercest agonies of battle, and two or three of the supernumeraries aforesaid, lying as if overtaken by liquor, declared its bloodiest results. Then entered the rival kings, one at the side-scene on the right and the other at the side-scene on the left, to smell in the centre at one nosegay like their respected brother kings of Brentford. And then, amidst the yawning insensibility of the audience, whole provinces were talked away, whole kingdoms carved into slices, and England grew gracious, and France plucked up a spirit—and suddenly a dingy curtain, to the huge satisfaction of everybody, fell over all that was left of the dingy scene. Into exhibitions of this sort had fallen in latter years the dramatic histories of our English stage !

"Well," exclaims some one with an easy assumption of literary importance, "and so much the better, so long as Shakspeare's words are spoken. That is what we have to look to. What did Shakspeare care about decorations ? *His* theatre was little better than a barn, and a blanket served *him* for a curtain ! Agincourt was a mere tavern brawl then, and why should it be better now ? What contented Shakspeare should suffice to content us." This is but the cuckoo cry of ignorance or conceit. The poet's poverty and not his will consented to mean deficiencies of illustrative resource in the theatres of his time. But, writing for posterity as well as his contemporaries, he never shaped his plays to those defects ; because he knew that, sooner or later, the stage must become capable of its own function ; which was, "from the first till now," to address the imaginations of men in the visible language of the senses, and in every respect, so far as it is practicable, to hold a *mirror* up to nature. Hence it is, that we nowhere meet with such opportunities for what are called stage effects as in the plays of Shakspeare ; and effects that could never have been even attempted in the barrenness of stage material at the time of their first production. Everywhere are hints scattered about for the scene-painter, the carpenter, the property man—or rather for the artistical taste and genius which can alone employ with intellectual correctness these acquisitions of a modern theatre. Even the ordinary reader must discover almost everywhere as he advances, an opening for some striking and picturesque effect that shall give greater scope to the fancy—while for the happy few who possess a congenial spirit with the poet, be sure that in every scene he wrote there lies a hidden vein of poetry, which is only capable of being brought to the surface in "act and complement extern." It is by working successfully in the last rich mine, during the management of Covent Garden Theatre, that Mr. Macready has entitled himself to recollection wherever Shakspeare is named or his memory duly honoured.

A passage occurs—as we have turned over the volume on our table—which will serve to illustrate these remarks. *Antony*, standing in the midst of the boundless magnificence of *Cleopatra's* palace of Alexandria, is anxious for news from home

> *Antony.* From Sicyon how the news? *Speak there.*
> *First Attendant.* The man from Sicyon—*Is there such an one?*
> *Second Attendant.* He stays upon your will.
> *Antony. Let him appear.*

In these brief lines may be felt the entire spirit of the wonderful play they belong to. In them are thoroughly expressed the magnificence of Egypt and the pride of Rome. As we read them we strain our sight through successions of halls in the vast palace of the luxurious *Cleopatra*, to catch in the midst of a crowd of ambassadors that wait from all quarters of the world on the haughty *Antony*, a glimpse of the "man from Sicyon," if there should be such an one ! The question is first called forth to some inner room by *Antony* ; then there is heard a fresh voice sending it on into a third apartment of this gorgeous palace ; out of which at last the answer issues, and the "man" appears to tell the death of *Fulvia !* No limit is placed to the image of material grandeur in the scene which is thus conveyed ; it may be compressed into a wooden O, or expanded into shapes imperial ; but he who most nearly presents its large spirit before an audience, most nearly realizes the purpose of the poet. It will certainly not do to huddle it off as an indifferent question, and leave the subtler truth implied in it to the *imagination* of the audience !

The same spirit pervades the whole of "Henry the Fifth," with an unlimited power of suggestion. The subject was a favorite one with Shakspeare, and he had lavished upon it many of his highest resources, with a careful general subduement of them all to the quality of the subject and its treatment. As in other plays of the same kind he had dramatised detached scenes of the chronicles, but he here employed in addition the expedient of a chorus, who, at the opening of each act, described those intervening incidents and actions to the audience, some knowledge of which had become necessary to give unity and distinctness to dramatic history. In this his sole object was to impress his hearers. For the mere form his verse assumed he had little care. Gladly would he have shared the honor with the Stanfield of his day—if his day could have boasted a Stanfield—to convey by such means more sensibly those earnest truths and exquisite images of beauty which he thought needful to connect with his subject. For in the presence of such a subject what was he ? What the theatre ? The actors ? The audience ? He would have sought, to do justice to that transcendent theme, a kingdom for a stage, princes to act, and monarchs to behold the swelling scene ! Unable to command them what would he have next commanded ? All that the theatre could offer. "Behold," he sent on his Chorus to say, when at the commencement of the third act he desired to picture the passage of the English fleet to France—

> Behold the threaden sails
> *Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,*
> Draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea,
> Breasting the lofty surge. *O, do but think*
> You stand upon the rivage, and behold
> A city on the inconstant billows dancing ;
> For so appears this fleet majestical,
> Holding the course to Harfleur. *Follow ! follow !*
> *Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy*
> And leave your England—

—but who can doubt that if it had lain within his power he would here have avoided the satire of Jonson (who laughed at him for concealing "a man behind the arras" and "whipping him out between the acts to speak") by investing this Chorus with the dignity of Time, and with the magical aids of a Stanfield's pencil. If any one doubts it let a subsequent line from the same speech of the Chorus—in which the paltry aid of what miserable resource even his own theatre could afford him is distinctly called into the description—set the question at rest. Describing the siege with its attendant circumstances—

> —— the ordinance on their carriages
> With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur. . .

he adds—

> . . . And the nimble gunner
> With linstock now the devilish cannon touches
> [*Alarum ; and chambers go off.*]
> And down goes all before him.

The stage direction is Shakspeare's own. It declares his sense of the sort of assistance which a most vivid imagination may fairly demand from the stage ; it announces the poverty of such assistance in his day ; and it explains to us Jonson's querulous sneers at his fondness for "literal" helps in the expression of imaginative things :—

> Now creaking throne comes down the boys to please !
> Now nimble squib is seen to make afeard
> The gentlewoman! Now roll'd bullet heard
> To say it thunders! Now tempestuous drum
> Rumbles to tell you when the storm is come !

The fine hearted surly satirist would, in all probability, have his good humo-restored by one of Mr. Macready's "Shaksperian Revivals," in which we venture to believe just so much is done as Shakspeare would himself have done, in possession of the like means. Nothing in this "Henry the Fifth" seems to us to have been officiously or gratuitously interposed. The general effect is made out by each separate detail. A gorgeous succession of ornaments and objects combine in a simple grandeur and comprehensive magnificence. Everything contributes to its life, its vigor, its picturesqueness. The minutest matter employed has it proper task to perform, nor is the least important person engaged without his distinct and allotted place in the general design. In the expression of whatever occurs throughout the play there is simplicity, force, and directness. The nobles, recognizable in dress as well as name, are not too abstracted to express interest in what is passing before them, and the meanest soldier of the host stands truly like a greyhound in the slips as Harry's burning eloquence is poured upon him. Answerable to all this is the entire effect. With its splendor and completeness it presents a distinct significance of its own, which would apply to no other scenic exhibition we ever saw upon the stage. "King Lear," as Mr. Macready produced it, did not stand forth more prominently to us as some huge rocky relic of an antique time of suffering and passion, than does this Henry the Fifth revive to our recollections an illuminated missal of historical events and scenes. It has the fresh and glowing colors, and the occasional quaint barrenness. It has the life and the stillness. It has the pageantry and the poverty. Where roughness gives a relish to the time it is there, and where magnificence asserts its splendor and its chivalry it is there also. When the vision of Harry with famine, fire, and sword crouching at his feet, recalled by the Chorus before the first act, suddenly dispersed, we saw a chamber in the royal palace that expressed this to the life. Above was a stony barrenness ; below the encroachments of civilization ; and in the occupants of the scene that soul of chivalrous barbarity which pervaded the time. In a like spirit was the siege of Harfleur conducted ; in the very spirit of Shakspeare's own direction of "enter soldiers *with scaling ladders!*" So, too, with Agincourt and the state conferences at the close ; with the card-like sculpture of Eastcheap, or the quaint lilies of France ; with the bustling quays at Southampton, or the barren quietness of Picardy. Every thing is rendered with the historical fitness of those Shaksperian chronicles to which our own Marlborough was content to limit his researches. There is nothing to remind us of Othello, or Macbeth, or Lear. History sits upon her rightful throne throughout, and the higher elements of passion, feeling, or imagination, are left to their own ample and serene domain.

We shall hope to find another opportunity of referring to the exquisite efforts of art with which Mr. Stanfield has realized the various descriptions of the Chorus. They comprise the first Rubens like the allegory in which Harry is presented to us—the scene in which the English conspirators receive the gold of France, a passage of the play until now nearly unintelligible—the passage of the King and his fleet to France, with the victories that followed in his train—the eve of the battle of Agincourt, with the respective demeanour of the French and English hosts—and the triumphal entry of Henry into London, after his final conquest of France. We have left ourselves little room to speak of the acting in detail, and can only say, reserving any further remark for the present, that it was quite worthy of the occasion. Mr. Macready's Henry the Fifth is well known, but was never appreciated as it will be appreciated now. It touches every chord in the breast of Shakspeare's favorite Harry the Fifth,—his wit, his cordial humor, his careless bonhommie, his touch of religious cant, his electric courage, his over-mastering enthusiasm, his regal and most exacting love—with the spirit of a true master. We never saw a personation of greater reality, or one that so sensibly and variously moved an audience with its own emotions.

We close this imperfect notice with entire acquiescence in the opinion of the Morning Chronicle, that this performance of Henry the Fifth "was a representation worthy of being reserved for some great national fete, and that the nation has but rarely the occasions which deserve so splendid a celebration."

Examiner.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;
A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.
WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 9th of March, 1839 enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 9) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide*," engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Other Engravings are in hand, and will appear immediately.

The "Spirit of the Times" was established by its present Editor Dec. 10, 1831 ; the *Old Series* contained Five Volumes. On the 20th Feb., 1836, a *New Series* was commenced which closed on the 23d of Feb., 1839, comprising Three Volumes ; a very few copies of the last two may be had bound at the Office, or they will be sent in sheets to order through the Mail.

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